

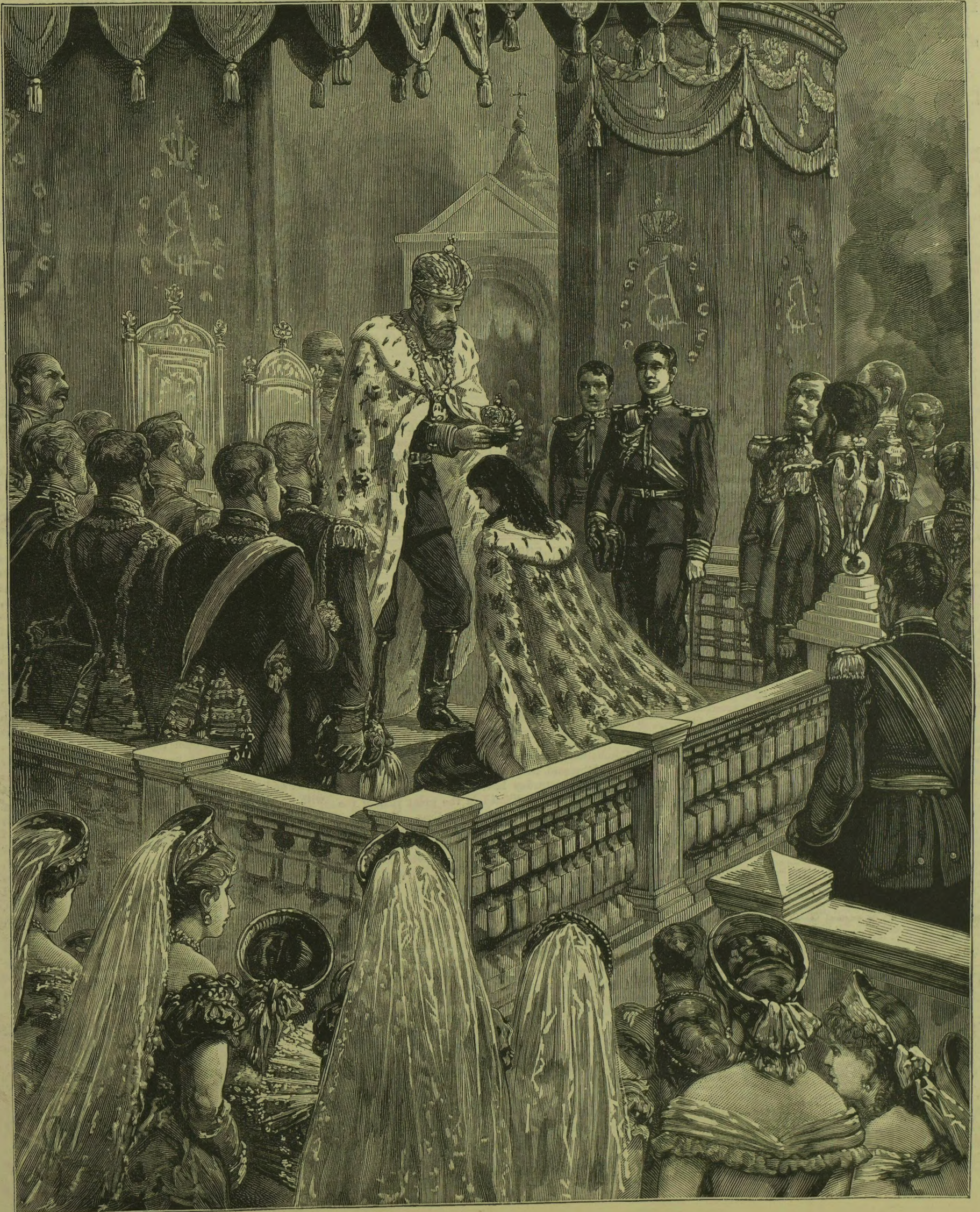
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2303.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW: THE EMPEROR CROWNING THE EMPRESS.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BIRTH.

On the 2nd inst., at Stirling, N.B., the wife of Major G. L. O'Sullivan, 91st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 10th ult., at San Francisco Episcopal Church, City of Mexico, by the Right Rev. Bishop Edott, of San Antonio, Texas, assisted by Right Rev. Bishop Reilly, of this diocese, Francis Edward, youngest son of Charles Burr, Esq., Rossmore Lodge, Brighton, to Fanny Elvira, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Henry P. Manfred.

DEATHS.

On March 13, at Kaiwarra-warra, Wellington, N.Z., the Hon. Sydney Eloise, Mrs. Forster Goring.

On the 24th ult., at his residence, Poyle Park, Surrey, Frederick James Chester, in his 70th year.

On the 29th ult., at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Thomas Garfit, Esq., late M.P. for Boston, D.L. and J.P. for county of Lincoln, aged 67.

On the 30th ult., in Lower Bagot-street, Dublin, Susan Phillips, youngest and beloved daughter of Richard Phillips, D.L., Galle House, Cashel, aged 25.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 16.

SUNDAY, JUNE 10.

Third Sunday after Trinity.
Hospital Sunday.
Morning Lessons: I. Sam. ii. 1-27; John xix. 1-25. Evening Lessons: I. Sam. iii. or iv. 1-19; James ii.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., Rev. Dr. Brooks; 3.15 p.m., Bishop Piers Claughton; 7 p.m., Rev. R. Eytan.
St. Barnabas, apostle and martyr.
Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.
British Architects' Institute, 5 p.m., Presentation of Medals, and Mr. R. F. Chisome on the College at Baroda (Western India).

MONDAY, JUNE 11.

St. Barnabas, apostle and martyr.
Geographical Society, 8.30 p.m.
British Architects' Institute, 5 p.m., Presentation of Medals, and Mr. R. F. Chisome on the College at Baroda (Western India).

TUESDAY, JUNE 12.

Moon's first quarter, 2.42 p.m.
Rede Lecture, Cambridge, by P. O. Huxley.
Anthropological Institute, 8 p.m.
Photographic Society, 8 p.m.
Colonial Institute, 8 p.m.
Horticultural Society, committee, and Promenade Show.
National Society for Educating the Poor, anniversary, 3 p.m.
Goldsmiths' Benevolent Institution, jubilee festival at Goldsmiths' Hall.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

Louis IV., Grand Duke of Hesse, Accession, 1877.
Oxford Commemoration.
Botanic Society, Summer Exhibition, 2 p.m.
Microscopical Society, 8 p.m.
Orphan Working School, anniversary festival, Willis's Rooms.
Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
Essex Agricultural Society Show, Colchester (two days).
Peterborough Agricultural Society Show (two days).
Wirral and Birkenhead Society Show, Birkenhead (three days).
State Concert, Buckingham Palace.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

Royal Society, 4.30 p.m.
Society of Antiquaries, 8.30 p.m.
Mathematical Society, 8 p.m.
Zoological Society's Gardens; Davis Lecture, 5 p.m., Professor Mivart on Our Snakes and Lizards.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15.

Lecture to be held by the Prince of Wales, at St. James's Palace, 2 p.m.
United Service Institution, 3 p.m., Captain Lord Charles Beresford on Machine Guns.
Handel Festival, Crystal Palace, Grand Full Rehearsal.
Philological Society, 8 p.m., Prince L. L. Bonaparte on New Latin Names for Reptiles.
Botanic Society, lecture, 4 p.m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16.

International Fishery Conference, South Kensington, opens.
Albert Hall, Concert for School Officers' Daughters, 3 p.m.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE NEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 15' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.		General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 p.m.	Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 p.m.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	Minimum, read at 10 p.m.	Direction.			
May 27	29.976	55.0	44.6	70	3	65.3	48.2	N. SW.	86	0.000	
28	30.031	55.6	42.5	64	3	65.2	44.2	SW.	240	0.000	
29	29.988	57.0	48.7	78	9	66.2	45.0	SW. W.	208	0.000	
30	30.175	55.1	41.2	62	5	67.2	47.2	W. W.	65	0.000	
31	30.160	57.0	43.6	63	4	69.4	44.9	NW. S.	136	0.000	
June 1	29.991	55.3	45.2	64	6	71.4	41.5	SSW.	131	0.000	
2	30.086	60.3	47.5	65	4	71.5	47.9	SW. N. NE.	104	0.000	

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:-

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.974	30.043	29.979	30.173	30.160	30.014	30.074
Temperature of Air	55.7	55.0	57.3	58.0	62.0	60.1	64.5
Temperature of Evaporation	50.3	51.4	57.3	59.4	53.9	55.5	57.7
Direction of Wind	W.	SW.	SW.	NW.	S.	S.	WNW

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING JUNE 16, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
0 13 5	33 5	51 6	20 6	43 7	8 7	32 8
0 13 5	33 5	51 6	20 6	43 7	8 7	32 8

BRIGHTON.—Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection with Kensington and Liverpool-street. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days. Weekly, fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets at cheap rates, available to travel by all Trains between London and Brighton.
Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.
Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday, from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., sailing at Clapham Junction.
Palmer Drawing-Room Cars between Victoria and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal stations on the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.—Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.
Weekday Tidal Special Express Service (1st and 2nd Class) Night Service, Week-days and Sundays (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.40 p.m. Fare—Single, 38s., 24s., 17s.; Return, 65s., 39s., 30s.
The Normandy and Brittany, splendid fast Paddle Steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently under four hours.
A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.
Trains run alongside steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; City Office, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—TOURIST FORTNIGHTLY and FRIDAY or SATURDAY to TUESDAY (First, Second, and Third Class) TICKETS are issued by all Trains to YARMOUTH, LOWESTOFT, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.
For full particulars see bills.
London, May, 1883. WILLIAM BURT, General Manager.

SWISS POSTAL SERVICE.—During the Summer Season will be commenced the complete ALPINE ROUTES, as follows:—The Simplon, Splügen, Bernin, Brünig, Furka, Oberalp, Schyn, Julier, Albula, Fluela, Lukmanier, Landwasser, Landquart, Bernina, Maloja, Aigle, Chateau d'Oex.
Bulle, Saanen, Bulle, Riggigen, in the valley of Simmenthal; as also on the Routes Beckenried, Saanen and Brunnen Einsiedeln.
A regular Postal Service, with comfortable Post Carriages with Coups and annexes.
The fares are regulated by the Swiss Government. Extra post-carriages can be obtained on most of these routes; to secure which, the ordinary course, address—the Tourist Offices of Messrs. COOK and SON, GAZE and SON, and CAYGILL, in London.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 30, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN.
Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary."
TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES,
9, Conduit-street, Regent-street, W. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.

AN EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF ANCIENT AND RARE, MODERN AND POPULAR SPORTING SUBJECTS IS NOW OPEN at the CITY OF LONDON FINE-ART GALLERY, GLADWELL BROTHERS, 20 and 21, Gracechurch-street, E.C. Admission, One Shilling, including catalogue, which, being adorned with a number of quaint illustrations, is amusing and interesting. Open Ten to Six; Saturdays, Ten to Three. Catalogue and ticket of admission sent by post, 15 stamps.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL, WEDNESDAY NEXT, at Three.—Madame CHRISTINE NILSSON'S LAST APPEARANCE prior to her departure for America.

WEDNESDAY NEXT, at Three, Mr. GEO. WATTS' GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT, ROYAL ALBERT HALL, under the most distinguished patronage. Mesdames Christine Nilsson, Sembrich, Trebelli, Robertson, Fanny Robertson, and Tremelli; MM. Sims Reeves, Joseph Maas, Del Puente, and Frederic King. Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda. Piano, Madame Sophie Menter. Harp, Mr. Louis Engel, and Kaldy's Hungarian Band. Conductors—Sir Julius Benedict and Signor Randegger. Tickets at the Royal Albert Hall, Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street; the usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket-Office, St. James's Hall. Prices, 1s. to 10s. 6d. Convenient trains for country residents.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
The new and magnificent entrance from Piccadilly is now open.
GREAT AND GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF THE NEW PROGRAMME, produced for the first time on Whit Monday.
ALL THE NEW SONGS HAVE ELICITED THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF APPROVAL from the enormous audiences which have thronged the Hall at every Day and Night.
The present brilliant Programme will be continued.
EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT.
Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall.

LYCEUM.—THE LYONS MAIL.—EVERY NIGHT until July 3, at Half-past Eight o'clock. Lesurques and Dulose, Mr. Irving; Janette, Miss Ellen Terry. Preceded, at 7.45, by THE CAPTAIN OF THE WATCH. MORNING PERFORMANCE OF THE BELLS, To-day (Saturday), at Half-past Two o'clock. Matinas, Mr. Irving. Box-office (Mr. Hurst) open Ten to Five. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT, ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. TRIO (a new First Part), by Arthur Law; Music by Alfred J. Caldicott; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performances—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Three; Evenings—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. No fees.

CHURCH PENITENTIARY ASSOCIATION.
THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH PENITENTIARY ASSOCIATION will be held (D.V.) on the FESTIVAL OF S. BARNABAS, MONDAY JUNE 11, 1883.
At Eleven a.m. the Holy Communion will be celebrated in All Saints' Church, Margaret-street. The Rev. Canon W. J. Knox Little will preach.
The Annual General Meeting will be held at 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly, at Three o'clock.
All Persons interested in the Church's penitentiary work are earnestly invited to attend.
Among the Sermons preached will be these:—
At St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, by the Rev. Canon E. King, at Seven p.m. on Sunday, June 10; also at Willesden Parish Church, by the Rev. G. Gibson, Curate of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, W.
On Monday, S. Barnabas Day, June 11, at Five p.m., at St. Andrew's, Wells-street, by the Rev. Canon T. T. Carter.
At St. Thomas's, Regent-street, on Sunday, June 17, at Eleven a.m., by the Rev. E. J. Ponsonby.

Office: 14, York-buildings, Adelphi, W.C.

METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL SUNDAY FUND.
Patron—Her Majesty the Queen. HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 10, 1883.
Cheques crossed Bank of England, and Post-office orders made payable to the Secretary, Mr. Henry N. Custance, should be sent to the Mansion House.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

In consequence of numerous inquiries at the Office upon the subject, the Proprietors of this Journal beg to intimate that applications for Advertisements to be printed upon Sheets issued by The Inter-leaf or Leaflet Company, or bearing any other title, and said to be inserted in any portion of the issue of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, do not emanate from this Office, and that such Insertions are in no way connected with the Paper.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK, JUNE 9, 1883.

The publication of the Thir Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—Twopenny to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; and Threepenny to China (via Brindisi) and India.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

The Coronation festivities at Moscow, though only just ended, may be said to have culminated in the gigantic popular fête of Saturday last, when more than half a million people were entertained in the great park of the Petroffsky Palace by the bounty of the Czar. In no other country in the world could so novel a spectacle be improvised, or so vast a multitude be gathered together with fewer signs of disorder. Imagine the perturbation into which London would be thrown if it were some day announced that three-quarters of a million of rations, and a hundred and fifty waggon loads of barrels of beer, would be distributed in Hyde Park, to her Majesty's liege subjects. But Russian moujiks, with the simplicity of children, eagerly accepted their baskets of provisions, and carried off their earthenware mugs as a precious souvenir of their Imperial Father, and all day long joyously witnessed the theatrical and circus performances provided for them. From the "rough" element, which is rarely absent from our popular gatherings, they seem to have been entirely free. Muscovite docility may have its weak side, but without it such monster festivities might be a source of public danger. Alexander III. may deem himself amply rewarded for his lavish expenditure and personal fatigues in connection with these protracted ceremonials by the consciousness that they have helped to restore his prestige and strengthen his throne. Of the universal loyalty of his subjects at the present moment there can be no question.

The outside civilised world is all the better for the light which these curious coronation incidents throw

upon the peculiarities of Russian society. The subjects of the Czar, though far behind the peoples of Central and Western Europe, are making prodigious progress in the development of the resources of their country, not only in Muscovy proper, but in the regions around the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus, and in the far distant provinces of Central Asia. The contrast between the order and industry that prevail in the Russian territory on the south of the Black Sea, and the anarchy that is characteristic of Armenia under the regime of Turkey, is striking and suggestive. Possibly this internal development may be arrested by political convulsions. But the statement made by an apparently well-informed correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* that Nihilism has changed its tactics is in itself a hopeful symptom. Revolution by dynamite has been abandoned by Russian revolutionists, who will in future seek their ends by political insurrection rather than by cowardly terrorism. While it is difficult to guard against skulking assassins, it is always in the power of rulers to extinguish disaffection by timely concession. In its village communes Russia has the germs of a representative system which is training the people for as much self-government as the progress of civilisation requires. At present the Czar gives no sign, but ere long it may be as politic for him to create a popular force to cope with bureaucratic corruption, as it was for his predecessor to suppress serfdom.

While the most energetic efforts are being made by the French Government to dispatch adequate reinforcements to rescue the small force that is beleaguered in Hanoi, at the estuary of the Red River, and avenge the defeat and death of Commander Rivière, there is much speculation as to the attitude of China, the suzerain of the Annamite Kingdom of which Tonquin is a dependency. The Empresses at Peking have invested their ablest general with full powers to deal with the question. Li Hung Chang is a skilful diplomatist as well as an experienced soldier, and is reported to be as anxious to bring about a pacific arrangement as the Ministers of the French Republic. War between these Powers would be so serious a calamity that every effort will be made to avert it, not only by those immediately interested, but by the British Government. It is stated by M. A. R. Colquhoun that more than half the trade with China, estimated at one hundred millions, is carried on by England. Lord Granville is therefore likely to spare no pains to avert hostilities between France and China; and his efforts will, we trust, be powerfully supported by public opinion in France, which sees with much concern the prosecution of foreign adventures that impair the strength and waste the resources of the Republic.

The other day Mr. Gladstone appeared in one of his old characters. Amid all political fluctuations, the right hon. gentleman has been for a quarter of a century the unswerving friend of Italian freedom and independence. Some twenty-five years ago our Prime Minister made Europe ring with his denunciations of King Bomba's tyranny, and his exposure of the cruelties inflicted upon Poerio and the Neapolitan patriots. On Saturday he had the more grateful task of assisting at the unveiling of a marble tablet in Stafford House, which the Duke of Sutherland has accepted from some Italian gentlemen in London, in commemoration of Garibaldi's visit to this country in 1864. It was the first anniversary of the death of the Italian Liberator—an event commemorated at Rome by the unveiling of a bust of Garibaldi at the Capitol, by popular demonstrations elsewhere, and by the decision of the Chamber of Deputies to erect a national monument to the illustrious patriot. To his countrymen, now a free and united people, how gratifying must have been the echo of Mr. Gladstone's eulogium, which dwelt upon the combination in their great citizen of tender humanity with fiery zeal. His name, said the speaker, "remains inseparably associated with the not less illustrious name of the great Cavour, and their two names are again associated with the name which has been so honourably mentioned to-day, the name of Victor Emmanuel. And I may say these three together form for you Italians a tricolour as brilliant, as ever fresh, and, I hope, as enduring for many and many generations, as that national flag which now waves over a united Italy." In the triple alliance, which has united Germany, Austria, and Italy in a defensive league, we have no part, and do not wish to have. But, with the exception of a few weeks of estrangement when our troops were dispatched to Egypt, Italy and England have, since Victor Emmanuel ascended the throne, been united by ties of mutual respect and affection, which the recent speech of our great statesman will tend to strengthen.

The annexation of New Guinea to the British Empire is no new idea. Since 1868 it has been urged, with more or less importunity upon successive Governments, but, as we learn from the recent Bluebook, Conservative as well as Liberal Colonial Ministers have procrastinated, until the sudden act of the Queensland Government cut the Gordian knot which British statesmen were unable or unwilling to untie. A few days ago Lord Derby received a deputation from representatives of all the Australian Colonies, who urged the importance of an early decision on the subject. His Lordship pointed out the objections to the grave step recommended, stated some cogent arguments

against annexation, and repeated that the Government had not agreed to any course, but were awaiting explanations from Governor Kennedy. No one can fairly condemn this official reticence. Neither our cautious Colonial Minister nor the chief of the Cabinet desire to extend the British dominions. But they are the victims of circumstances. Their hand has been forced. They cannot maintain a position of inactivity, "masterly" or otherwise, and will probably, in the end, succumb to the mandate of Australia by consenting to occupy one or two coast stations in New Guinea, which will have the effect of keeping off other European nations, and especially of preventing penal settlements. They shrink from swallowing the artichoke whole, but will have to eat it leaf by leaf.

Whether it be owing to legislative exhaustion, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, or to the steady summer heat which engenders hopes of an early prorogation, or to the stimulus caused by the recent meeting between the Premier and his supporters, it is certain that public business is beginning to make perceptible progress. Last week, as already recorded, the Agricultural Holdings Bill went through the second reading after a single evening's debate. On Monday night the Corrupt Practices at Elections Bill was disposed of at the same stage with equal facility. It does not suit the views of any considerable section in the House of Commons formally to oppose compensation to tenants for unexhausted improvements, nor to object to the abatement of electoral corruption. What will occur when either bill goes into Committee has yet to be seen. Neither of these measures can be referred to a Standing Committee, where business-like discussion is the rule of procedure; but they will have to be considered in Committee of the whole House, where Obstructionists have an ample field to exercise their ingenuity. In the one case, however, the interests of the farmers cannot be ignored either by Liberals or Conservatives. In the other, it has become necessary, even in the interests of candidates, to put a check upon lavish electoral expenditure. Should both these important measures survive the elaborate criticism to which they are likely to be exposed, they will, with the Bankruptcy Reform Bill and the Criminal Court of Appeal Bill—which have emerged from, or are likely soon to leave, the Grand Committees—constitute a legislative achievement which will do something to redeem the Session, if not to satisfy public expectation.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

The specialty of last week—indeed, of the season—was the production of Signor Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," which occurred on the Thursday evening, too late for notice until now. The book is founded on Victor Hugo's play of "Angelo," and is avowedly written by Tobia Gorrio, this being an anagram for the name of Arrigo Boito, the author and composer of "Mefistofele." The story is one of intrigue and crime, which may be briefly indicated. La Gioconda is a fascinating street-singer, who attracts the notice of Barnaba, a spy of the Inquisition, whom she repulses. In revenge, he has her blind mother, La Cieca, denounced as a sorceress; but she is rescued by the interposition of Laura, who has been forced into a marriage with Alvise (a chief of the Inquisition), having previously been betrothed to Enzo, a banished Venetian noble, appearing in the disguise of a mercantile captain. Barnaba, knowing this, suggests a secret meeting of the lovers, and then warns Alvise of it. Gioconda, enamoured of Enzo, becomes acquainted with the attachment between him and Laura, and vows revenge, but is diverted therefrom by discovering La Cieca's rosary round the neck of Laura, whom she now resolves to save. Alvise, in consequence of the treacherous warning of Barnaba, determines to force his wife to take poison; but Gioconda substitutes a narcotic, apprising Laura thereof. A grand fête is given by Alvise while his wife is supposed to be lying dead in an adjoining apartment. Enzo appears and upbraids Alvise. Barnaba is about to arrest Enzo, but is prevented by Gioconda, who promises to marry the Spy, on condition of Enzo's safety being assured. The last act occurs in a ruined palace, to which the still sleeping Laura has been conveyed. La Gioconda meditates her rival's destruction, but relents, and secures her union with Enzo—then determining on suicide. Barnaba appears and demands the fulfilment of La Gioconda's promise. She spurns him; he tells her that he has had her mother strangled, and the opera closes with La Gioconda's death at her own hands.

The work consists of four acts, and is preceded by an orchestral prelude in which there is some effective instrumentation, and a forecast of themes afterwards heard in the opera. The music, generally, is distinguished by brightness and vigour of style: it is often highly dramatic, is well written for the voices, and displays practised skill in the command of orchestral combinations and varieties. In the first act, the most noticeable pieces are a pleasing terzettino for La Gioconda, La Cieca, and Barnaba; and the finale, with its strong contrasts of bright carnival music, the solemn Angelus, and the characteristic Venetian dance, "La Furlana." The second act includes an effective barcarolle for Barnaba (with choral refrain), a graceful romanza for Enzo, a love-duet for him and Laura, an expressive romanza for this character; and a well-sustained final duet for her and La Gioconda. Act iii. opens with a well-written, declamatory scene and aria for Alvise, which is followed by an impassioned duet for him and Laura, some very effective concerted music, including a lively choral serenata, sung behind the scenes, strongly contrasted with the tragic stage action in which Alvise announces the intended death of Laura; some very graceful ballet music, "The Dance of the Hours," and an elaborate and highly-wrought finale, completing one of the strongest portions of the opera. The fourth act is short, but it contains some important music for La Gioconda, comprising various phases of strong emotion—all which were admirably realised by Madame Maria Durand. This lady made a very favourable impression in the earlier scenes, and gradually improved thereon, having sealed a great success by her fine acting and singing in the closing scene. Her voice is a soprano of high range; her vocalisation, declamation, and action being

all highly artistic. She has recently played the part with great success in Russia, as have other principal artists who were concerned in Saturday's performance, these being Mdles. Tremelli (La Cieca) and Stahl (Laura) and Signori Cotogni (Barnaba) and Marconi (Enzo), all of whom contributed, as did Signor De Reszke (Alvise), to a performance of rare general excellence. The opera is admirably placed on the stage as to scenery, costumes, and ballet action—the elaborate orchestral accompaniments and the choral music were thoroughly well rendered; and the performance was conducted with special skill and zeal by Signor Bevnigani, whose fulfilment of the same office in Russia had doubtless much to do with the thorough preparation and efficiency of Saturday's rendering. "La Gioconda" was given again on Saturday with renewed success, and is announced again for next Tuesday.

"Aida" was repeated last Friday, with some changes from the recent cast; Mdle. Tremelli having been the Amneris, M. Devoyod the Amonasro, and Signor Mierzwinski the Radamès. As on the opening night of the season, Madame Fursch-Madi sustained the title-character. For Thursday "Lohengrin" was announced, with Madame Albani as Elsa and Mr. Maas in the title-character; and yesterday (Friday) Madame Durand was to appear as Valentina, in "Les Huguenots." Of these performances we must speak next week.

An attractive operatic concert was given at the Royal Albert Hall last Saturday afternoon, the programme of which included effective performances by the principal artists of the Royal Italian Opera Company.

The Philharmonic Society closed its seventy-first season—at St. James's Hall—last week. The sixth and final concert of the series introduced for the first time in England three pieces from Liszt's oratorio "Christus," these being the "Pastorale," "The Angels' Message," and the "March of the Three Holy Kings." The music is dull and uninteresting, and holds out no desire to hear the entire work. It was received with coldness, and, in some quarters, with expressed signs of disapprobation. The soloists in the Liszt selection were Miss M. Gwynne and Mr. Laris. Madame Sembrich and Mr. Santley contributed fine solo vocal performances; and Signorina Tua, the young violinist, met with a repetition of the success which she has recently obtained in a solo by Vieuxtemps, and Madame Sophie Menter gave a brilliant rendering of Liszt's pianoforte concerto in E flat.

Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave the third of four subscription-concerts at St. James's Hall on Thursday week—under the direction of Mr. Randegger, to whom Mr. Leslie has transferred the conductorship. A pleasing new part-song, "The Children's Hour," by Mr. A. Gaul, was given for the first time, and encored; and the late Sir Sterndale Bennett's fine motet for double choir, "In Thee, O Lord," was performed entire, only a portion of it having been before heard. Other vocal pieces, solo and choral—mostly too familiar to need specific mention—were efficiently rendered; the solo vocalists having been Miss M. Davies, Madame Patey, and Mr. E. Lloyd. A new song, "Safe there to rest," sung by this gentleman, pleased so much as to be encored. It is the composition of Mr. Randegger. M. De Pachmann contributed some brilliant pianoforte playing.

The fifth of the present series of Richter Concerts at St. James's Hall took place on Monday evening, when the orchestra, conducted by Herr Richter, gave a fine rendering of Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, which was performed for the first time in London, and was encored. A special feature in the programme was Haydn's third Mass (in D minor), which has always been called the "Imperial Mass," having been presumed to have been composed for the coronation of the Emperor of Austria—Joseph the Second. This has been disproved by Herr Pohl of Vienna, and the work was given at Monday's concert under the title of the "Nelson" Mass; Haydn having heard of the victory of Aboukir while he was writing the "Benedictus," into which he introduced some warlike trumpet-calls. The concert included Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, with Mr. Walter Bache as pianist; Schumann's overture to "Genoveva," and Wagner's to "Die Meistersinger." The solo vocalists were Misses A. Williams and Orridge, Herr G. Ritter, and Mr. F. King.

Madame Antoinette Stering's concert, on Monday afternoon (at St. James's Hall), included her own artistic performances and those of Madame Trebelli, Misses Santley and Robertson, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Herbert Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley, in an attractive programme, which was varied by the fine violin and pianoforte playing, respectively, of Madame Norman-Néruda and M. De Pachmann.

Mr. J. C. Ward gave, at the Steinway Hall, on Tuesday evening, a concertina concert, the programme of which was well calculated to interest the admirers of that drawing-room instrument.

The concert of Mr. W. G. Cusins has for several years been one of the specialties of the London musical season. Its recurrence at St. James's Hall yesterday (Friday) afternoon again offered a highly attractive programme, which included his own skilful pianoforte performances and a vocal selection, to which several eminent artists contributed.

Madame Christine Nilsson will make her last appearance in London before going to America at Mr. George Watts' concert at the Royal Albert Hall next Wednesday morning.

Mr. Harvey Löhr gives his annual chamber concert next Wednesday evening at the Royal Academy Concert-Room.

The Leeds Musical Festival programme will be somewhat changed from its previous arrangements. The committee have declined to accede to Madame Albani's increased terms; consequently she will not accept an engagement. The services of Madame Alwina Valleria as principal soprano, in place of Madame Albani, have been secured. She will appear at four performances only. Among the other vocalists will be Miss Anna Williams, Miss Marriott, Madame Patey, Miss Hilda Wilson; Messrs. Lloyd, Maas, King, and Santley. We have already announced the non-production of Mr. Clay's cantata "Sardanapalus," owing chiefly to the illness of Mr. W. G. Wills, the librettist. The work will be replaced by one composed by Mr. A. Cellier (the words taken from Gray's Elegy), which has been warmly recommended by Sir Arthur Sullivan, conductor of the Festival. The performances take place during the second week of October.

An avowed American Fenian, named Smythe, was arrested by the Birmingham police on Monday night, after a struggle in which he produced a revolver. Smythe had avowed his determination of "making mischief" at the Bright celebration next week, using at the same time treasonable language, and threatening to murder several persons.

By a large majority, a resolution was carried on Tuesday night, at a meeting in St. James's Hall, expressing indignation at the postponement of the London Municipality Bill, urging its introduction this Session that the citizens might judge of its provisions, and declaring the absolute necessity of proceeding next year with the bill, giving it precedence over all others.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Common as the complaint has been for many years past, never has our indebtedness to the Parisian stage been more glaringly patent than in the present month of June. The merest glance at the bills of the play will prove that, with a few praiseworthy exceptions, such as "The Silver King" and "The Merry Duchess," adaptations from the French are the rule. "The Lyons Mail," revived with brilliant success by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum, is but an English version of a French melodrama. From the French are "Fédora" and "The Danisheffs," the more or less Russian plays at the Haymarket and the Court; from the French, "Artful Cards" at Toole's and "The Reigning Favourite" at the Olympic; from the French, Offenbach's "Voyage dans la Lune" at her Majesty's and "Impulse" at the St. James's, and the charming comic opera of "Rip Van Winkle" at the Comedy, and the less prosperous "Lurette" at the Avenue. To be still more *à la mode*, London Society flocks to the stalls and boxes of the Gaiety to study the real, original article as served up with native French sauce by plump and piquante Madame Judic, an *artiste* to the tips of her fingers, in such essentially Parisian pieces as "Lili." But there may be too much of a good thing. Palatable as French cookery is, there yet exists a wholesome taste for the homely fare of a thoroughly English-born drama. It is, accordingly, unfeignedly to be hoped that this current Saturday evening the curtain of the Adelphi will rise on a sound English play in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Rank and Riches."

Mr. Irving's unsurpassably grand revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" will indubitably live in theatrical history as one of the most magnificent productions of the modern stage. The 212th and final performance drew an overflowing audience to the Lyceum on June 1; and the penultimate representation of the superbly mounted comedy, being for the benefit of that archest and most bewitching of Beatrices, Miss Ellen Terry, was honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Prince and Princess also attended the Lyceum on Saturday evening, when Mr. Irving reproduced "The Lyons Mail," and reappeared with increased force and additional histrionic skill in the double rôle of the angelic Monsieur Lesurques and the villainous highwayman, Dubosc, the revival being furthermore strengthened by Miss Terry's assumption of the character of the unfortunate Jeanne, and by the distribution of other leading parts among such able actors as Mr. Terriss, Mr. Fernandez, and Mr. Mend. On Thursday afternoon next, their Royal Highnesses will again visit the Lyceum to witness the performances promoted by Mr. Irving to enhance the funds of the Royal College of Music. Mr. Irving will be in his element as Robert Macaire, especially as he will have Mr. Toole to support him as Jacques Strop. A scene from "Money" will also be represented; and a selection from "Iolanthe" will be sung.

A new play is to be brought out at an Olympic matinée next Tuesday. It is founded on the tragic subject of "Cinq Mars"; is in three acts, the first two abounding in comedy touches, the last treating of the death of Cinq Mars, and the authors are Mr. Alleyne Maude and Mr. Maurice Minton.

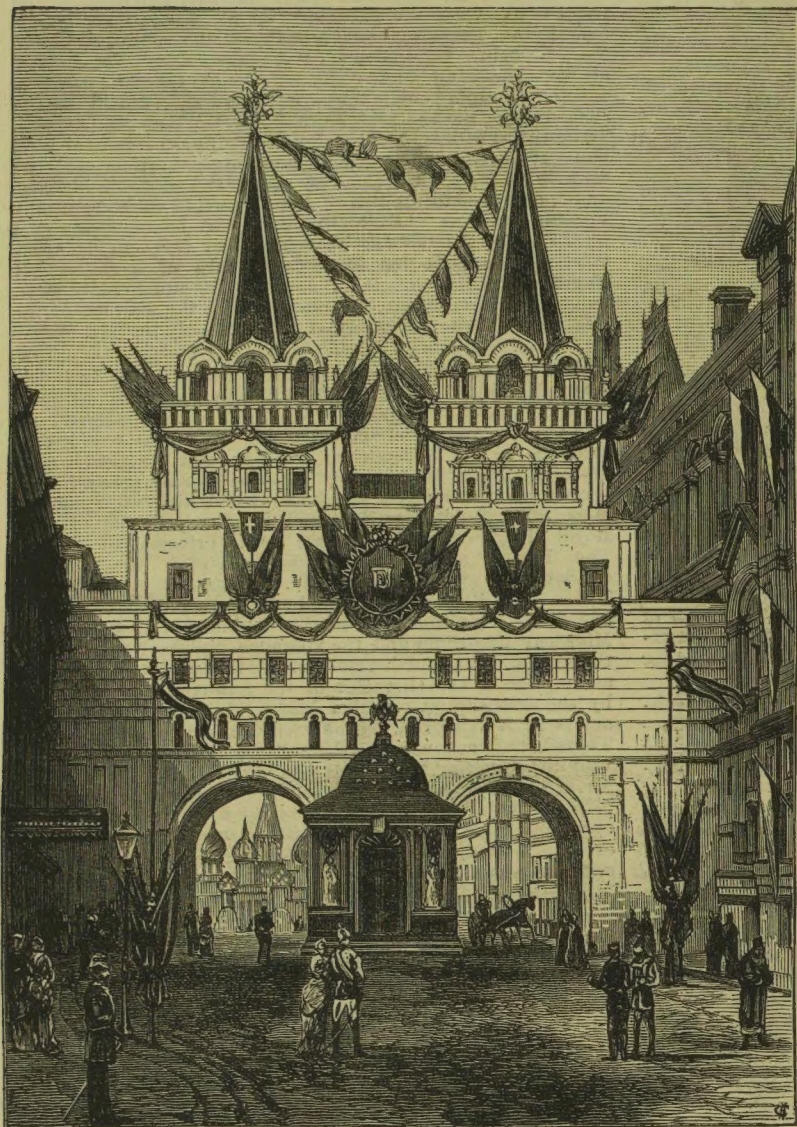
Healthy and English in tone as the novels of Charles Dickens, and as pure in sentiment, the great majority of Mr. Henry J. Byron's plays are so racy of the soil that some degree of disappointment was not unreasonably experienced at the Gaiety matinée of Thursday week at the staginess of his drama of "Chained to the Oar." Produced on that occasion for the first time in London by Mrs. Billington (whose benefit it was), this old-fashioned style of play first saw the footlights ten years ago in Liverpool, and has since been played throughout the provinces. The scene is partly in Leicestershire and partly in London. The story, it may be briefly stated, is that of a reckless man-about-town, Frank Dimond, who feeds his taste for luxurious living by acting as jackal to a brutal baronet of the transpontine mould, Sir Luke Randolph. In this ignoble capacity Frank Dimond is luring a dashing young "masher," Arthur Grey, to his ruin, when he is suddenly induced to reform by the unexpected news that he himself has succeeded to a title through the death of a relative, and by being confronted with seemingly irrefragable proofs that the very same Arthur Grey has been engaged in an intrigue with his wife. Without entering further into the plot of "Chained to the Oar," we may at once state that both Mr. Billington and Mrs. Billington exerted themselves to endow the rôles of Frank Dimond and Mrs. Mericour with human nature, the emotional power of this clever actress being displayed to especial advantage in the fine passage in which the adventures is impelled to exhibit her passionate love for her daughter. As Fanny Mericour, Miss Laura Villiers, a young actress with a mellow voice and pleasing appearance, showed promise. Naturalness itself was Miss Ellen Meyrick's unobtrusive acting as Wilfred Dimond. The earnest manner and clear delivery of Mr. Lewis Waller should be commended. There was a good touch of character in Mr. Fuller Mellish's Major Rodd. "Chained to the Oar" was otherwise well cast, seeing that Mr. John Maclean, Miss Gerard, and Miss Harriet Coveney likewise appeared in it. The humours of Mr. Toole and Mr. Maclean, with Mrs. Billington, in Mr. Clement Scott's "Off the Line," were also keenly relished.

Miss Gèneviève Ward, the talented Manageress of the Olympic, has a part that fits her like a glove in the fresh version of Scribe's comedy of "Le Verre d'Eau," which has been smartly and brightly written by Mr. Sydney Grundy. The audience at the Olympic last Saturday evening could scarcely help following with close attention the battle royal fought by "The Reigning Favourite," her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough, and the mendacious leader of the Opposition, Lord Bolingbroke, at the Court of Queen Anne. Between the plots and counterplots of the arch-politicians, the course of true love runs by no means smoothly for pretty Miss Abigail Hill and gallant Cornet Masham, whose name may possibly be intended by the author to cover his involuntary "mashing" capacity, seeing that he appears to be the "mash" (if it is permissible to quote the cant phrase of the day) at one and the same time of Queen Anne, the Duchess of Marlborough, and his own legitimate sweetheart. Be that as it may, the checks and counterchecks of the Duchess and Bolingbroke proved infinitely amusing on Saturday night; some of Bolingbroke's pungent criticisms of the idiosyncracies of the Churchill family were twisted into a modern application, Lord Randolph Churchill may be interested to learn; and Miss Ward, Mr. W. H. Vernon (whose benefit it was), Miss Gertrude Kellogg, Miss Lucy Buckstone, and Mr. T. C. Bindloss were deservedly applauded for their lively impersonations, respectively, of the characters of the Duchess of Marlborough, Bolingbroke, Queen Anne, Abigail Hill, and Cornet Masham. Finally, the adaptor of "The Reigning Favourite," Mr. Grundy, was rewarded with a cordial call.

It may be added that Mr. Clarke this evening removes to the Opéra Comique, with "My Neighbour's Wife" and "A Widow Hunt"; and that the Strand reopens with Mr. Edward Rose's stage version of "Vice Versa" and a burlesque of "The Silver King," entitled "Silver Guilt."

THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

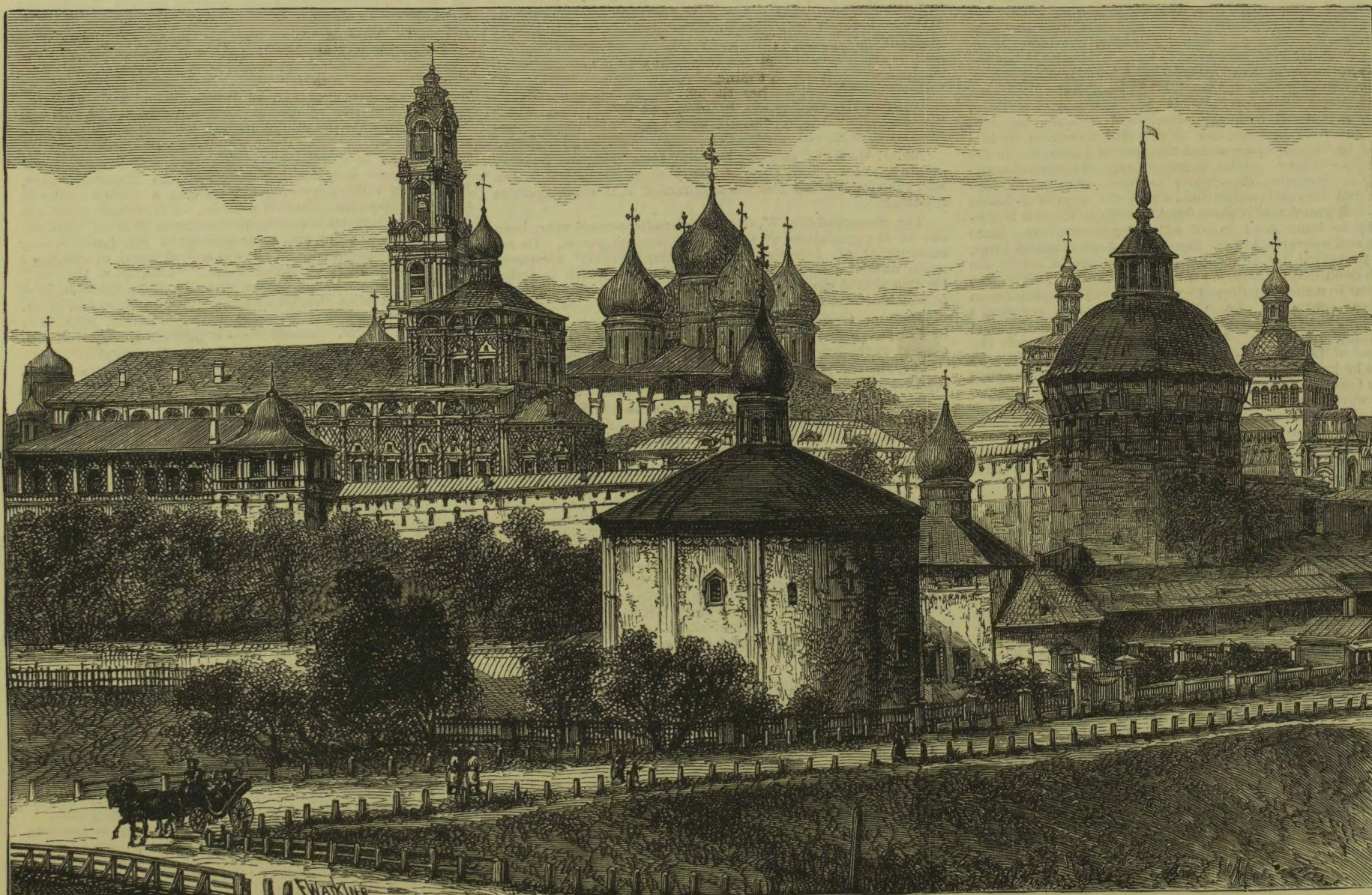
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.



THE VOSKRESSENSKY GATE, AND CHAPEL OF THE "IBERIAN MOTHER OF GOD."



THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. SAVIOUR, MOSCOW,
ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE DELIVERANCE OF RUSSIA FROM THE FRENCH IN 1812.



THE TROITZKA MONASTERY OF ST. SERGIUS, NEAR MOSCOW.



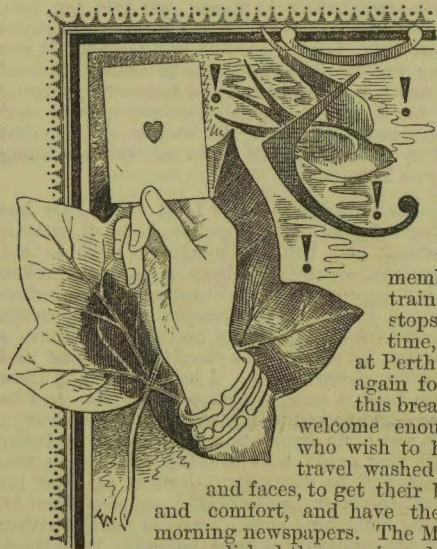
"She did not ask him what it was. She seemed more inclined to turn over the titlepages of the magazines."

YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV. A PERILOUS SITUATION.



HE Master of Lynn, however, was not destined to get to London without an adventure—an adventure, moreover, that was very near ending seriously. Most people who have travelled in the North will remember that the night-train from Inverness stops for a considerable time, in the morning, at Perth, before setting out again for the South; and this break in the journey is

welcome enough to passengers who wish to have the stains of travel washed from their hands

and faces, to get their breakfast in peace and comfort, and have their choice of the morning newspapers. The Master of Lynn had accomplished these various duties; and now he

was idly walking up and down the stone platforms of the wide-resounding station, smoking a cigarette. He was in a contented frame of mind. There had been too much trouble of late up there in the north; and he hated trouble; and he thought he would find the society of "Owley" very tolerable, for "Owley" would leave him alone. He finished his cigarette; had another look at the book-stall; purchased a two-shilling novel that promised something fine—for there was a picture outside of a horse coming to awful grief at a steeple-chase, and its rider going through the air like a cannon-ball; and then he strolled back to the compartment he had left, vacantly whistling the while *The Hills of Lynn*.

Suddenly, he was startled to find a well-known face regarding him. It was Shena Ván; and she was seated in a corner of a second-class carriage. The moment she saw that he had noticed her, she averted her eyes, and pretended not to have seen him; but he instantly went to the door of the carriage.

"It isn't possible you are going to London, Miss Stewart?" said he, in great surprise.

"Oh, no," said Shena Ván. "I am not going so far as that."

"How far, then?" he asked—for he saw that she was embarrassed, and only wishing to get rid of him, and certainly that she would afford no information that wasn't asked for.

"I am going to Carlisle," said she, not looking at him.

"And alone?"

"Oh, yes. But my brother's friends will be waiting for me at the station."

"Oh, you must let me accompany you, though," said he, quickly. "You won't mind?"

He did not give her the chance of refusing; for he had little enough time in which to fetch his things along from the other carriage. Then he had to call the news-boy, and present to Miss Stewart such an assortment of illustrated papers, comic journals, and magazines as might have served for a voyage to Australia. And then the door was shut; the whistle shrieked; and the long, heavy train moved slowly out of the station.

"Well, now," said he, "this is lucky! Who could have expected it? I did not see you at the station last night."

She had seen him, however; though she did not say so.

"I did not even know you were in Inverness; I thought you were at Aberdeen."

"I have been in Aberdeen," said she. "I only went back a day or two ago to get ready for going south."

"I suppose I mustn't ask you what is taking you to Carlisle?—and yet, we used to be old friends, you know."

Now Miss Stewart was a little bit annoyed at his thrusting himself on her society; and she was very near answering saucily that it was the train that was taking her south; but a little touch of feminine vanity saved him from that reproof. Shena Ván was rather glad to have the chance of telling him why she was going south.

"It is no great secret," said she. "I am going to stay with the family of the young lady whom my brother will marry before long. It appears that the professorship will be worth a good deal more than we expected—oh, yes, indeed, a good deal more—and there is no reason why he should not marry."

"Well, that is good news," said the Master, cheerfully.

"And what sort of girl is she? Nice?"

"She is a very well-accomplished young lady," said Shena Ván, with some dignity. "She was two years in Germany at school and two years in France, and she is very well fitted to be a professor's wife, and for the society that comes to my brother's house."

"I hope she's good-looking?"

"As to that," said Miss Stewart, "I should say she was very pretty indeed; but that is of no consequence nowadays."

"Why, what else is it?" he exclaimed, boldly.

But this was clearly dangerous ground; and Miss Stewart sought refuge in the pages of *Punch*.

He had time to regard her. He had never seen her look so well. She had made ample use of the clear water supplied at Perth station; and her face was as fresh as the morning; while her pretty, soft, light-brown hair was carefully brushed and tended. As for her eyes—those strangely dark blue eyes that he could remember in former years brimming over with girlish merriment or grown pensive with imaginative dreams—he could not get a fair glimpse of them at all; for when she spoke, she kept them averted or turned down; and at present she devoted them to the study of *Punch*. He began to

regret those extensive purchases at the station. He made sure she was at this moment poring over Mr. du Maurier's drawings—for it is to them that women-folk instinctively turn first; and he grew to be jealous of Mr. du Maurier; and to wish, indeed, that Mr. du Maurier had never been born—a wish, one may be certain, then formulated for the first and only time by any inhabitant of these three countries. Moreover, when she had finished with *Punch*, she took up this magazine and that magazine, and this journal and that journal; the while answering his repeated attempts at conversation in a very distant and reserved way, and clearly intimating that she wished to be allowed to prosecute her studies. He hated the sight of those pages. He was ready to devote the whole periodical literature of his country to the infernal gods. Why, look now, on this beautiful, shining morning, how she ought to be admiring those far-stretching Ochils and the distant Bracs of Doune! Here were the wooded banks of Allan Water—had these no romantic associations for her, no memories of broken-hearted lovers and sad stories, and the like? Had she no eye for the wide, open strath they were now entering, with the silver winding Links of Forth coming nearer and nearer, and a pale blue smoke rising afar over the high walls and ramparts of Stirling town? He verily believed that, just to keep away from him, and fix her attention on something, she was capable of reading Parliamentary Debates—the last resort of the vacant mind.

But once they were away from Stirling again, he determined at all hazards to startle her out of this distressing seclusion.

"Shena," said he, "do I look ill?"

She glanced up, frightened.

"No."

"I ought to look ill—I ought to look unhappy and miserable," said he, cheerfully. "Don't you know that I have been jilted?"

Well, she did not quite know what to say to that. He looked as if he was joking; and yet it was not a thing he was likely to mention in joke—and to her.

"It is quite true, I assure you," said he, seeing that she did not make answer. "You said you had heard I was going to be married. Well, it's all broken off."

"I am very sorry," said Shena Ván, as in duty bound; but she was clearly not very sure as to how to take the news.

"Oh, please don't waste any pity on me," said he. "I don't feel very miserable. I feel rather the other way. 'Ah, freedom is a noble thing'—you remember how Barbour used to puzzle you, Shena? Yes, I am free now to follow out my own wishes; and that's what I mean to do."

"You are going to live in London, perhaps?" said Miss Stewart, regarding him—but not betraying any keen personal interest.

"Why, this is the point of it," said he, with greater animation, for at last she had deigned to lay down the newspaper, "that I don't in the least know where I am going; and don't much care. I have determined to be my own master; since

my folk at home appeared disinclined to accept the programme I had sketched out. Absolutely my own master; and now, if you, Shena, would tell me something very fine and pleasant for me to do, that would be a kindness."

"In the meantime," said she, with a slight smile, "I wish you would call me by my right name."

"Do you think I can forget the days when you were always 'Shena'?" said he, with a sort of appealing glance that her eyes were careful to avoid. "Don't you remember when I brought you the white kitten from Inverness, and how it was always pulling its collar of daisies to pieces? Don't you remember my getting you the falcon's wings? Why, I had to lie all night among the rocks on Carn-nan-Gael to get at that falcon. And you were always 'Shena' then."

"Because I was a child," said Miss Stewart, with a slight flush on the pretty, fresh-coloured face. "When we grow up, we put aside childish things."

"But we can't always forget," said he.

"Indeed, it seems easy enough to many," she answered; but with no apparent sarcasm or intention. "And you have not fixed when you are going, Mr. Leslie?" She added, with a certain formality.

"At the present moment, to tell you the truth," said he, "I have half made an engagement to go away on a yachting cruise with a young fellow I know. But he is rather an ass. I am not looking forward to it with any great pleasure. Ah! I could imagine another kind of trip."

She did not ask him what it was. She seemed more inclined to turn over the titlepages of the magazines.

"I can imagine two young people who are fond of each other being able to go away by themselves on a ramble through Italy—perhaps two young people who had been separated, and meeting after a time, and inclined to take their lives into their own hands and do with them what seemed best—leaving friends and other considerations aside altogether. And they might have old times to talk about as they sat at dinner—by themselves—in a room at this or that hotel—perhaps overlooking the Rhine, it may be, if they were still in Germany; or perhaps overlooking the Arno, if they were in Florence. Fancy having only the one companion with you, to go through the galleries, and see all the pictures; and to go to the opera with you in the evening—just the one and only companion you would care to have with you. Wouldn't that be a trip?"

"I dare say," replied Miss Stewart, coldly. "But the two people would have to be pretty much of one mind."

"I am supposing they are fond of each other," said he, looking at her; but she would not meet his glance.

"I suppose it sometimes happens," said she, taking up one of the magazines, so that he was forced to seek refuge in a comic journal, greatly against his will.

By-and-by they were hurrying onward through the solitudes where the youthful Clyde draws its waters from the burns that trickle and tumble down the slopes of "Tintock Tap." He thought it was not kind of Shena Ván to hide herself away like that. Her imagination would not warm to any picture he could draw—though that of their being together in a Florentine gallery seemed to him rather captivating. Perhaps she was offended at his having neglected her for such a long time? But she was a sensible young woman; she must have understood the reasons. And now had he not intimated to her that he was no longer inclined to submit to the influence of his friends? But she did not betray any interest or curiosity.

"I wonder whether we stop at Beattock Junction," said he.

"I am sure I don't know," she answered, civilly.

"Has it occurred to you, Shena," said he, with a peculiar sort of smile, "that if anyone who knew both of us happened to be at one of those stations, they might make a curious surmise about us?"

"I do not understand you," Miss Stewart observed.

"Did you ever hear of Allison's Bank Toll-house?" he asked.

"No."

"That was where they made the Gretna-Green marriages—it is just on this side the Border. I think it is rather a pity the Gretna Green marriages were done away with; it was an effectual way of telling your friends to mind their own business. There was no trouble about it. But it is just about as easy now, if you don't mind paying for a Special License; and I do believe it is the best way. Your friends can get reconciled to it afterwards if they like; if they don't like, they can do the other thing. That was what I was thinking, Shena—if some of our friends were to see us in this carriage, it wouldn't surprise me if they imagined we were on a venture of that kind."

Shena Ván blushed deeply, and was ashamed of her embarrassment; and said, with some touch of anger,

"They could not think of such nonsense!"

"It's the sensible plan, though, after all," said he, pertinaciously—and yet appearing to treat the subject as a matter of speculation. "Jock o' Hazledean, Young Lochinvar, Ronald Macdonald, and the rest of them, why they said—'O hang it, let's have no more bother about your friends; if you are willing to chance it, so am I; let's make a bolt of it, and they can have their howl when they find out.' And it answered well enough, according to all accounts. I rather think there was a row about Bonny Glenlyon; but then the noble sportsman who carried her off carried her off against her will; and that is a mistake. It's 'Will ye gang to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay?' and if you can persuade her, she 'Kilts up her coats o' green satin' and you lift her into the saddle; but if she doesn't see it—if she thinks it isn't good enough—you drop the subject."

"You seem to have been reading a good many songs," said Shena Ván, rather coldly. "But people don't go on in that way in ordinary life."

"Perhaps it might be better if they did, occasionally," said he. "You remember Jack Melville, of course?"

"Oh, certainly," said she, with some eagerness, for she thought he would now leave that other perilous topic.

"Well, I remember one night, in my rooms, when we were at Oxford together, he propounded the theory that morality is merely a system of laws devised by the aged and worn-out for keeping young people straight. Of course, it was only a joke; but it startled the boys a bit. And although it was only a joke, mind you, there was something in it; I mean, for example, that it doesn't follow, because you're seventy, you know what is best for a person of five-and-twenty. You may know what is most prudent, from the money point of view; but you don't necessarily know what is best. You look with different eyes. And there is a great deal too much of that going on nowadays."

"Of what?" she asked, innocently.

"Oh, of treating life as if everything were a question of money," replied this profound philosopher—who had for the moment forgotten all about Corrievreck in his anxiety to get a peep at Shena Ván's unfathomable blue eyes.

Miss Stewart now returned to one of those inhuman periodicals; and he searched his wits in vain for some subject that would draw her thence. Moreover, he began to think that this train was going at a merciless speed. They smashed through Lockerbie. They had scarcely a glimpse of Eccle-

fechan. Kirtlebridge went by like a flash of lightning. And then he recollected that very soon they would be at Gretna Green.

"Shena," said he, eagerly. "Shena, have you been as far south as this before?"

"Oh, no," she answered. "I have never been farther south than Edinburgh and Glasgow. But Mary Vincent is to be at the station waiting for me."

"I did not mean that. Don't you know that soon you will be at Gretna? Don't you know you will soon be crossing the Border? Why, you should be interested in that! It is your first entrance into England. Shall I tell you the moment you are in England?"

"Oh, yes, if you please," said Miss Stewart, condescending to look out and regard the not very picturesque features of the surrounding scenery.

"Well, you be ready to see a lot of things at once; for I don't know whether you actually see Gretna Green church; but I will show you the little stream that divides the two countries—that was the stream the runaway lovers were so anxious to get over. I am told they have extraordinary stories in Gretna about the adventures of those days—I wonder nobody goes and picks them up. They had some fun in those days. I wish I had lived then. Modern life is too monotonous—don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Shena Ván, honestly.

"I mean I wish I had lived in those days if I had had the chance of running away with somebody that made it worth the risk. Shena," said he, "supposing you had lived at that time, don't you think you would rather have had the excitement of that kind of wedding than the ordinary, humdrum sort of affair?"

"I have never thought anything about it," said Miss Stewart, with some precision—as if any properly-conducted young woman would give a moment's consideration to the manner in which she might wish to be married!

"Look, look," said he, jumping up, and involuntarily putting his hand on her arm. "Look, Shena! The village is over there—here is the river, see!—it is the Sark—and the bridge is down there, to the left of that house—that house is an inn, the last in England on the old coach-road!"

She took away her arm.

"Ah," said he, as he sat down, "many a happy couple were glad to find their great big George the Fourth phaeton clattering over the bridge there—the triumph after all the risk!"

Then he reflected that in a few minutes' time they would be in Carlisle; and this made him rather desperate; for when again should he see Shena Ván—and Shena Ván alone?

"Can you imagine yourself living at that time, Shena; and if I were to ask you to make off for Gretna with me and get married, what would you say?"

"You—you have no right to ask me such a question," said Shena Ván, rather breathlessly.

"There would have been no chance of your saying 'yes'?" he asked, gently.

"I don't know what you mean," said she; and she was nervously twisting the magazine in her hand. "I—I think you are forgetting. You are forgetting who you are—who I am—and everything that—that once happened—I mean, that nothing happened—for how could it? And to ask such a question—even in joke—well, I think you have no right to ask me such a question; and the absurdity of it is enough answer."

"I did not mean it as a joke at all, Shena," said he, quite humbly—and yet trying to catch sight of her eyes. "I asked you if you could imagine other circumstances—other circumstances in which I might ask you such a question—of course, I am very sorry if I have offended you."

"I think there has been enough said," said Miss Stewart, quietly, and, indeed with a good deal of natural dignity.

Just before they were going into Carlisle station, she said—

"I hope, Mr. Leslie, you won't misunderstand me; but—but, of course, Miss Vincent and her friends won't know who you are; and I would rather they did not know. There is always silly talk going on; it begins in amusement; and then people repeat it and believe it."

"I shall be quite a stranger to you when we get into the station," said he. "And in the meantime I will say good-by to you; and you must tell me that we part good friends; although you do seem to care so little about those bygone days, Shena."

"Good-by," said she, holding out her hand (but with her eyes cast down). "And perhaps I care for them as much as I ought; but one acquires a little common-sense as one grows up. I hope you will have a pleasant trip in the yacht, Mr. Leslie."

At the station he got out first and assisted her to alight; then he got a porter for her; and raised his hat to her with the air of a perfect stranger as she disappeared with her friends. Then he had his own things shifted into a first-class smoking compartment; and the journey was resumed.

It was a lonely journey. There was something wrong. He already hated the *Juliet*; and looked forward with disgust to being thrown on the society of a brainless young idiot. Nay, this was the matter; why had he not asked Janet Stewart plump and plain? Why had he not asked her to stop at Carstairs Junction, and go back with him to Edinburgh or Glasgow, where he could easily have found friends to take care of her until the special license had been obtained? Why had he not dared his fate? Sometimes women were captured by the very suddenness of the proposal.

"And as for the people at Lynn," he was saying to himself during these perturbed meditations, "why, then they might have had some good occasion to squawk! They might have quavered to some purpose then! But I missed my chance—if ever there was one; and now it is this accursed yacht and that insufferable young nincompoop!"

Things did not look altogether serene for the Right Honourable Lord Dartown of Dartown, Co. Limerick, and Ashwood Manor, Berks.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A SPY.

It is quite impossible to describe the gladness and gratitude with which Yolande read the letter from the Master of Lynn, which not only gave her her freedom, but said good-by in such a friendly fashion. For once a ray of sunlight fell on a life which, of late, had not been of the brightest.

"Yolande, what is the matter? You have had good news this morning?" said the mother, coming into the room, and noticing the radiant face of the girl.

"Yes, indeed, mother—the best I have had for many a day!" said she, and she led her mother to the window, and put her in the easy-chair, and patted her shoulder affectionately. "The best news I have had for many a day."

"What is it? May I ask?"

For an instant Yolande hesitated; then she laughed, and put the letter in her pocket.

"No; it would be too long to explain. But shortly I will

tell you what it is, mother—why, only that one of the friends I know in the Highlands has been generous and kind to me. Is it a wonderful thing? Is it new—unexpected?"

"Ah, you ought to be with them, Yolande: not here, throwing away your time on me."

"Ridiculous—ridiculous!" said she, in her French way; and then with a light step and a bright face she went off to get writing materials.

"Dear Archie," she wrote, "It is so good of you. I do not deserve it. You have made me very happy; and I hope you also will soon be reconciled at home, and everything go well. It is a great pleasure you offer me that we should always continue friends, and I hope it will be so; I know it will on my side; and one may be in Inverness some day, perhaps?—then I should be pleased to see you again, and also your sister, and Colonel Graham. But that will be a long time, if at all; for my mother, though she is much better, does not get strong as I wish, and naturally I remain with her—perhaps for always. How could I leave her? But if once she were strong enough to travel, then one might perhaps see one's friends, in the Highlands or elsewhere; and in the meantime it is consolation to know that they remain your friends, and think of you occasionally. Dear Archie, you are really too kind to me, and too flattering also, but you cannot expect a woman to fight very hard against that, so I am glad you will have as generous an opinion of me as is possible, even if it is exaggerated, and perhaps not quite true. I remember your speaking of your schoolfellow very well—is he the most favourable of companions for a yachting-voyage? I suppose you are going south; for now the days are becoming cold; and we are thinking of going away to the south also. How strange it would be if my mother and I were to be seated on one of the terraces at Monte Carlo and you were to come sailing into the harbour below us. You must tell me the name of the yacht; and when we are at Nice or Cannes, or such places, I will look in the newspapers for the lists, and perhaps hear of you."

"This is all I can write to you at the moment, but you must believe me that it does not convey to you anything like what I feel. You will excuse me—perhaps you will understand. But I will not forget your kindness."

"Your grateful Yolande."

"P.S.—I will do as you wish about not stating any reasons; though I am afraid that is only another part of your consideration and generosity in disguise."

She went to get her hat and cloak.

*"Tais-toi, mon gas,
Et ne ris pas
Tout va de mal en pire,"*

she was humming to herself, most inappropriately, as she put them on. And then she went back to her mother.

"Will you get ready, mother? I have a letter to post. And I want to see if they can get me as much more of that fur as will make a hood for your travelling-cloak—ah, you have no idea how comfortable it is if the weather is cold and you are on a long railway journey."

"Why, you spoil me, Yolande—you make a petted child of me," the mother protested.

"Come, get on your things," said she, not heeding. "And perhaps, when we are seeking for the fur, I might get a winter-cloak for Jane. Does she not deserve a little present? She has been very attentive—has she not, do you think?"

"When she has had the chance, Yolande," the mother said, with a smile. "But you do everything yourself, child."

The alteration in the girl's manner after the receipt of that letter was most marked. Gladness dwelt in her eyes, and spoke in her voice. She grew so hopeful, too, about her mother's health that now, when they went out for a morning stroll among the shops, she would buy this or the other small article likely to be of use to them in travelling. That was partly why she presented Jane with that winter-cloak; Jane was to be their sole attendant. And now all her talk was about orange-groves and palms, and marble terraces shaded from the sun, and the summer-blue waters of the south.

But there was one person who certainly did not regard the breaking off of this engagement with equanimity. Immediately on receiving the brief note sent from the Station Hotel at Inverness, Mrs. Graham, astonished and indignant and angry, posted over straightway to Lynn, and told her tale, and demanded explanations. Well, they had no explanations to offer. If it were true, Lord Lynn said indifferently, it was a very good thing; but he did not choose to bother his head about it. Then pretty Mrs. Graham had a few words, verging on warmth, with her Aunt Colquhoun; but she quickly saw that that would not mend matters. Thereupon she thought she would appeal to Yolande herself; and she did so—dating the letter from Lynn Towers.

"My dear Yolande," she said. "Is it true? Or has Archie been making a fool of us? Of course, he is off without a word of explanation; and I cannot imagine it possible that his and your engagement should have been so suddenly broken off, and without any apparent cause. Forgive me for interfering, dearest Yolande; I know it is no concern of mine—except in so far as this goes—that Archie is my brother, and I have a right to know whether he acted as he should have done, and as becomes the honour of our family. I have a right to know that. At the same time it seems incredible that you and he should have parted—and so suddenly—without any warning; for although there was some disagreement here, as he probably hinted to you, still, that could have nothing to do with him and you ultimately, and he distinctly informed me that his position with regard to you was not affected, and would not be affected by anything happening here. I hope I am not giving you pain in making these inquiries, dear Yolande; but I think I have a right to know that my brother conducted himself honourably; for it was through us, you may remember, that he made your acquaintance; and both Jim and I would consider ourselves in a measure responsible if he has behaved badly. But I dare say it is not so serious as that. I know he is impatient of worry; and probably he has asked you to—well, I don't know what he could fairly ask; and all I can say is that I hope, if matters are as he says, that he has done nothing to cause us reproach. You may well think that we shall both—I mean Jim and I—be exceedingly grieved if it is true; for we both looked forward to having you as our sister and friend; and you may depend on it that if there had been any temporary disagreement in one quarter, that would have been more than atoned for in the warmth of the welcome you would have got from us. Pray forgive me, dearest Yolande, for begging a line from you at your very earliest convenience; it is not idle curiosity; and I trust your answer will be that Archie's exaggeration only means that for a while he is leaving you to the duties that now occupy you, and that in time everything will be as it was. My best love to you, dearest Yolande, from your affectionate friend,

"MARY GRAHAM."

"P.S.—Surely it cannot be true, or your father would have told me on the day of his leaving Allt-nam-ba? Will you please write to Inverstry."

Yolande remembered her promise to the Master of Lynn, and deemed it safest to say as little as possible. So she merely wrote—

"My dear Mary, I hasten at once to say that your brother's conduct has been always and throughout most honourable; and that in the breaking off of our engagement it has been even more—it has been most manly and generous. Pray have no fears on that head. As for the reasons, it is scarcely worth while explaining them when it is all over and gone now. Do you think you need tell me that you would have given me welcome in the Highlands?—indeed I have had experience of that already. I hope still to be your friend; and perhaps some day, in the Highlands or elsewhere, we may be once more together; in the meantime, please remember me most kindly to your husband, and believe me, yours affectionately,"

"YOLANDE WINTERBOURNE."

Yolande now seemed to consider that episode in her life as over and done with; and set herself all the more assiduously to the service of her mother, who, poor woman, though she could not fail to see the greater cheerfulness and content of the girl, and probably herself derived some favourable influence from that, still remained in a weak and invalid condition which prevented their migration to the south. However, something now occurred which stopped once and for all her recurrent entreaties that Yolande should go away to her own friends and leave her by herself. One day, as she was seated in her accustomed easy-chair, looking at the people, and the sea, and the ships, she suddenly uttered a slight exclamation, and then quickly rose, and withdrew from the window.

"Yolande, dear!" she exclaimed, in a voice of terror.

"Yes, mother!" the girl answered, looking calmly up from her sewing.

And then she saw that her mother was strangely agitated; and instantly she rose and caught her by the hand.

"What is it, mother?"

"I have seen that man that you know of—Romford."

"Well, what of that?" the girl said, quietly.

"But he was looking up at the house, Yolande!" said she, obviously in great alarm. "He must know that we are here. He must have sought us out."

"Very well; and what of that?" said Yolande; and she added, with a gentle touch of scorn: "Does he wish to be asked to have some tea with us? I think we are not at home just now."

"But you don't understand, child, you don't understand," said the mother, with a kind of shiver. "To see him was to recall everything. I was in a dream; and now it looks hideous to me; and the thought of his coming here—and wishing to take me back to that life—when I did not care whether each day was to be the last!"

"My dear mother," said Yolande, "is it of much consequence what the gentleman wishes? It is of more consequence what I wish. And that is that you are to remain with me."

"Oh, yes, with you, Yolande, with you!" she exclaimed, and she eagerly caught both hands of the girl and held them tight. "Always with you—always, always! I am not going away from you—I dare not go away. I have asked you to go to your friends, and leave me by myself; but I will not ask it again; I am afraid; if I were alone, he might come and speak to me—and—persuade me that his wife was the one who best knew how to take care of me—oh, when I think of it, Yolande, it maddens me!"

"Then you need not think of it, mother, dear," said the girl, pressing her to sit down. "Leave Mr. Romford to me. Oh, I will make him content with me, if he chooses to be troublesome. Do not fear."

"If he should come to the house, Yolande?"

"The ladies do not receive this afternoon," she answered, promptly, "nor to-morrow afternoon, nor the next day morning, nor any other time, when the gentleman calls whom you will describe to the landlady and her two girls and also to Jane. As for me, I scarcely saw him—I was too bewildered, and too anxious about you, mother, and then at last, when he did come near to me, *poof!* away he went on the pavement. And as for him now, I do not care for him *that!*"—and she flicked her middle finger from the tip of her thumb.

"But he may speak to us on the street, child!"

"And if we do not wish to be spoken to, is there no protection?" said Yolande, proudly. "Come to the window, mother, and I will show you something."

"Oh, no, no!" she said, shrinking back.

"Very well, then, I will tell you. Do you not know the good-natured policeman who told us when the harness was wrong at the shaft, and put it right for us? And if we say to him that we do not wish to have any of the gentleman's conversation, is it not enough?"

"I do not think I could go back now," the mother said, absently, as if she were looking over the life, or rather the living death, she had led. "I have seen you. I could not go back and forget you, and be a trouble to you, and to your father. He must be a forgiving man to have let you come to me; and yet not wise. I was content; and those people were kind to me. Why should your life be sacrificed!"

"What a dreadful sacrifice, then!" exclaimed Yolande, with a smile. "Look around—it is a dreadful sacrifice! And when we are at Cannes, and at San Remo, and at Bordighera, it will be even more horrible and dreadful."

"But no, no, I cannot go back now," she said. "The sight of that man recalls everything to me. And yet they were kind to me. I could do as I pleased; and it was all in a kind of dream. I seemed to be walking through the night always. And indeed, I did not like the daytime—I liked to be in my own room, alone, in the evening—with newspapers and books—and it was a kind of half sleep with waking pictures—sometimes of you, Yolande—very often of you; but not as you are now—and then they would come and torture me with telling me how badly I was treated in not being allowed to see you—and then—then I did not know what I did. It is terrible to think of!"

"Don't think of it, mother, then!"

"It is all before me again," the wretched woman said, with a kind of despair. "I see what I have been—and what people have thought of me. How can I raise myself again? It is no use trying! My husband away from me—my friends ashamed to speak of me—my child throwing away her young life to no end—why should I try?—I should be better away—anywhere—to hide myself and be no longer an injury and a shame!"

"Mother," said Yolande, firmly (for she had had to fight those fits of hopelessness before and knew the way of them well) "don't talk nonsense. I have undertaken to make you well, and I have very nearly succeeded; and I am not going to have my patient break down on my hands, and people say I am a bad doctor. I wonder what you would have said if I had called in a real doctor?—to give you physic and all the rest of it—whereas I get all kinds of nice things for you; and take you out for drives and walks; and never a word of medicine mentioned. And I don't think it is fair, when you are getting on so well, to let yourself drop into a fit of despondency;

for that will only make you worse, and give me so much longer trouble before I have you pulled through. For you are not going to shake me off—no—not at all!—and the sooner you are well, the sooner we are off to France and Italy, and the longer you are not well, the longer it is you keep me in Worthing, which perhaps you will not find so cheerful when the winter comes. Already it is cold; some morning when you get up, you will see—what? nothing but snow!—everything white! and then you will say it is time to fly; and that is right, but why not sooner?"

"Well, to be beside you, Yolande," said the mother, stroking the girl's hand, "is what I live for. If it were not for that, I should not care what happened."

Yolande professed to treat this Mr. Romford as a person of little account; but she was in her inmost heart a trifle more disquieted than outwardly she made believe. She shrewdly suspected that he was not the sort of gentleman to be disporting himself at a watering-place merely for amusement; and she made no doubt that, somehow or other, he had found out their address, and had followed them hither in the hope of getting her mother once more under his control. As to that, she had no fear, but, to make sure that he had no monetary or other claim that could warrant his even knocking at the door of the house, she resolved to write at once to Lawrence and Lang. The answer was prompt; she got it by the first post next morning; and it said that as "our Mr. Lang," by a fortunate accident, happened to be at the moment in Brighton, they had telegraphed to him to go along and see her—consequently Miss Winterbourne might expect him to call on her during the course of the day.

This was far from being in accordance with Yolande's wish, but she could not now help it; and so she went to her mother, and said that a gentleman would probably call that day with whom she wanted to have a few minutes' private talk; and would the mother kindly remain in her room for that time?

"Not—not Romford?" said she, in alarm.

"I said a gentleman, mother," Yolande answered.

And then a strange kind of glad light came into the mother's face, and she took her daughter's hands in hers.

"Can it be, then, Yolande? There is one who is dear to you?"

The girl turned very pale for a second or so; but she forced herself to laugh.

"Nonsense, mother. The gentleman is calling on business. It is very inconvenient; but the firm told him to come along from Brighton; and now I can't prevent him."

"I had hoped it was something more," said the mother, gently, as she turned to her book again.

Mr. Lang called about half-past twelve.

"I am very sorry you should have taken so much trouble about so small an affair," said Yolande.

"But you must understand, Miss Winterbourne," said the tall, white-haired man, with the humorous smile and good-natured eyes, "that our firm are under the strictest injunctions to pay instant heed to the smallest things you ask of us. You have no idea how we have been lectured and admonished. But I grant you, this is nothing. The man is a worthless fellow, who is probably disappointed; and he may hang about; but you have nothing to fear from him. Everything has been paid; we have a formal acquittance. I dare say the scoundrel got three times what was really owing to him; but it was not a prodigious sum. Now, what do you want me to do? I can't prosecute him for being in Worthing."

"No; but what am I to do if he persists in speaking to my mother when we are out walking?"

"Give him in charge. He'll depart quick enough. But I should say you had little to fear in that direction. Unless he has a chance of speaking to your mother alone, he is not likely to attempt it at all."

"And that he shall not have—I can take care of that," said Yolande, with decision.

"You really need not trouble about it. Of course, if he found your mother in the hands of a stranger, what happened before might happen now—that is to say, he would go and try to talk her over—would say that she was never so happy as when he and his wife were waiting on her—that they were her real friends—and all that stuff. But I don't think he will tackle you," he added, with a friendly sort of smile.

"He shall not find my mother alone, at any rate," said Yolande.

"I hear everything is going on well?" he ventured to say.

"I hope so—I think so," she answered.

"It was risky—I may say, it was a courageous thing for you to do; but you had warm friends looking on."

She started, and looked up; but he proceeded to something else.

"I suppose I may not see Mrs. Winterbourne; or may I?"

"I think not," said Yolande. "It would only alarm her, or at least excite her; and I am keeping all excitement away from her. And if you will excuse me, Mr. Lang, I will not keep her waiting. It is so kind of you to have come along from Brighton."

"I dare not disobey such very strict orders," said he, with a smile, as he took up his hat and opened the door.

She did not ring the bell, however, for the maid-servant; she said she would herself see him out, and she followed him down stairs. In the passage she said—

"I want you to tell me something, Mr. Lang. I want you to tell me who it was who explained to you what you were to do for me when I arrived in London—for I think I know."

"Then there can be no harm in telling you, my dear young lady. He called again on us, about a couple of weeks ago, on his way north; and laid us under more stringent orders than ever. Mr. John Melville—was that your guess?"

"Yes," said Yolande, with her eyes down-cast, but in perfectly calm tones. "I thought it was he. I suppose he was quite well when you saw him?"

"Oh, yes, apparently, certainly."

"Good-by, Mr. Lang—it is so kind of you to have taken all this trouble."

"Good-morning," said Mr. Lang, as he opened the door and went his way—and he, also, had his guess.

(To be continued.)

The Clothworkers' Company, in response to the appeal recently made at the Mansion House, and subsequently repeated by the Lord Mayor, on behalf of the Society for the Extension of University Teaching in London, have agreed to supplement their former contributions—amounting to £150—by the promise of £50 for the next five years, conditionally on £1000 per annum being raised from other sources.

There were 2622 births and 1405 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 68, whereas the deaths were 69 below, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 2 from smallpox, 67 from measles, 24 from scarlet fever, 17 from diphtheria, 32 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 10 from enteric fever, 3 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, and 16 from diarrhoea and dysentery.

NEW BOOKS.

Nights at the Play: a View of the English Stage. By Dutton Cook (Chatto and Windus). All who are interested in the history of the English stage are considerably indebted to Mr. Dutton Cook, the least emotional of critics and the most accurate of students. He has done well in republishing in neat and convenient form the dramatic essays he has contributed to various literary journals between the years 1867 and 1881. Every gap in our theatrical history that is bridged over is a good point gained, and the author of these volumes has certainly given more books to the dramatic library in recent years than any of his clever contemporaries. It has been well and truly said that the modern aspect of journalism has made surprising changes in stage criticism, so that the very right to the title is disputed. Owing to the feverish anxiety of the time, and the white heat of production, the majority of dramatic articles contributed to the press are rather picturesque descriptions of what occurred the night before at the theatre than sober reflection on the players. They are ephemeral productions, and as little entitled to preservation as the leading articles written after a protracted debate in the House of Commons. It has been the good fortune of Mr. Dutton Cook to be saved from the reproach of necessarily hurried work, and to contribute his learned essays to journals whose infrequency of appearance gives him time to polish his periods and carefully select his adjectives. In fact, he has time to think, and, this being the case, his criticisms are entitled to the preservation implied in publication. In reviewing plays, Mr. Dutton Cook soberly assumes the office of judge, and discards that of advocate. He does not make speeches, but sums up when the time comes for a verdict. If his calm self-possession and deliberation fail to please, on the other hand, his carefully studied satire does not very grievously wound, and so, after sixteen years or so, he can safely reprint, without the necessity of reconsideration or revision. The book has this additional value, that Mr. Cook's articles contain the concentrated essence of much valuable and miscellaneous reading, and so the student has ready to his hand important theatrical statistics in a handy and readable form. Provided as the book is with a capital index, it will be found invaluable alike to the student of the stage and the modern playgoer.

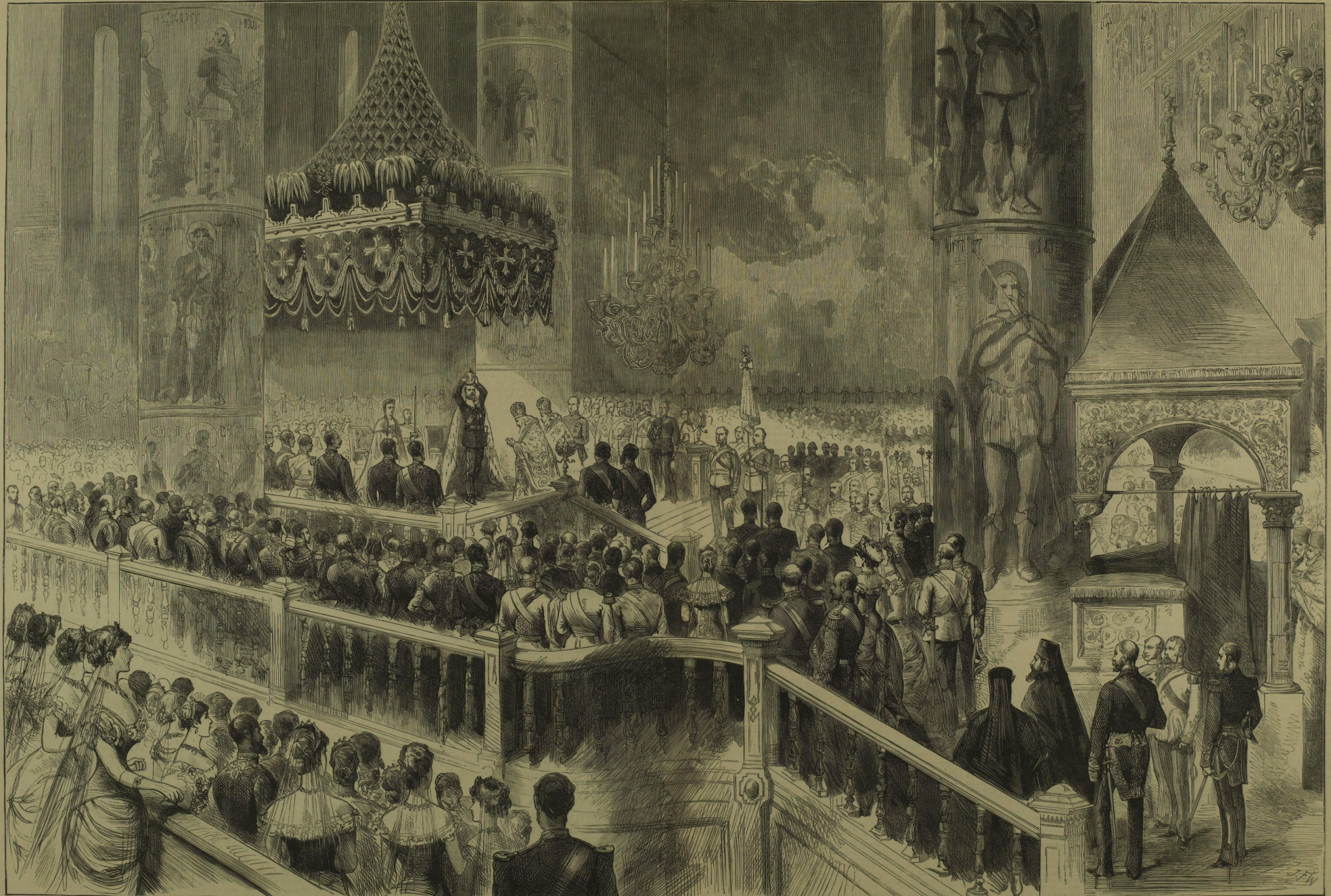
A very pretty romance indeed is *Contradictions* by Frances Mary Peard (Richard Bentley and Son); and, as there are but two volumes, and the print is large, anybody with a few hours to spare can surely find the time to read the book. Indeed, the chances are that it will be laid aside at the end with a wish that it were a volume larger. And this, as experience goes, is an uncommon wish. Not that there is much of substance or of novelty in the tale, but it is told with singular force and grace, and is extremely affecting in parts. Of course it is all about love and misunderstandings, with gleams of brightness here and there, although the shadow of death falls over the scene and leaves a sensation of sadness. For there is a death which is a sort of atonement, and there is always something especially melancholy in such an incident, when the expiation is a sudden event, and the victim is cut off in her youth and beauty. Here we have a lovely young lady who has been doing what, it is to be hoped, is done more frequently in novels than in real life; she has been pretending that she is the object of adoration to a hero who is really in love with somebody else by whom he is loved in return. Hence the poor gentleman, not being behind the scenes, is at a loss to know how it is that his course of true love is continually interfered with to such an extent that he is like to go out of his mind, as well as out of the country. Hereupon a fit of compunction comes over the fair creature who has wrought the mischief. She makes confession of her treachery, and she determines, as it were, to expiate her sin by marrying about the ninth part of a man—not a tailor, however, but a noble lord, whom she in her heart despises. But this is not to be: whether by way of atonement for her wickedness or to escape from a hateful marriage, she goes out with only a groom behind her for a ride upon a skittish animal called Lady Di, and, there being a trunk of a tree just where it should not be, she—does not marry the nobleman whom she regards as about the ninth part of a man.

The subject of Mr. Austin Dobson's biography, *Fielding* (English Men of Letters Series, Macmillan and Co.), was not perhaps so eminently a man of letters as others who have figured in this collection. His claims as a man of genius are indisputable, and Mr. Dobson's admiration for his hero does not carry him too far when he speaks of "Tom Jones" as "the great comic epic," and classes it with Don Quixote as marking an era in fiction. Mr. Dobson, it will be seen, is not deficient in a becoming enthusiasm for the subject of his memoir, but this is not allowed to carry him too far; he is not blind to the defects—pardonable as they were for the most part—which impaired the credit of Fielding both as author and man, and he may even be taxed with too little regard for the spirit and humour of Fielding's dramatic work. On his greater labours the world has long since made up its mind, and Mr. Dobson can only re-echo the general verdict. The special feature of his book is the acuteness and diligence with which he has sifted the current statements about Fielding, exploding a number of mistakes and misstatements, and rendering Fielding's circumstances and personal relationships much clearer than has hitherto been the case. His style is easy and pleasant, and his volume is entitled to rank among the most agreeable of the excellent series to which it belongs.

Last year Mr. Alfred Ainger (he drops the Rev. on his title-pages, and so therefore may we) published his delightful biography of Charles Lamb, a book written from a full mind, and with singular felicity of expression. The *Essays of Elia* (Macmillan and Co.), with introduction and notes from the same skilful hand, forms a pleasant companion volume. Charles Lamb does not, like Mr. Browning, need a society to elucidate his works, but the love of mystification is a characteristic of this great humorist, and there are occasionally difficulties in the essays that require to be cleared up. The editor's notes are brief and pertinent, and his introduction affords a fine example of literary reserve. Mr. Ainger could say much about his author that is worth saying, for no one understands Lamb better, but neither in the introduction nor in the notes is it possible to find a superfluous line. The book is a model of judicious editing.

The Oxford University authorities have issued the following list of those upon whom the honorary degree of D.C.L. will be conferred at the approaching Commemoration: Lord Rayleigh, Professor of Experimental Physics and Honorary Fellow of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge, Sir Charles Bowen, Lord Justice of the High Court of Appeal, and formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, Director-General of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland, Sir Frederick Augustus Abel, K.C.B., F.R.S., W. Alexander Campbell Fraser, Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Henry Schlicmann, Honorary Fellow of Queen's College.

THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.



CORONATION OF ALEXANDER III. IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION (USPENSKY SABOR), IN THE KREMLIN
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Dismemberment of the Ministry proceeds apace. As the Marquis of Salisbury pithily remarked the other day at a Conservative gathering, the Government was undeniably weakened by the falling away of three such strong pillars of the Cabinet as the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Bright. The debating strength of the Administration in the Upper House will be as certainly reduced by the retirement of the Earl of Rosebery from the post of Under-Secretary for the Home Department, in consequence of the strong expression of opinion by Sir William Harcourt and Sir Richard Cross last week that the Home Office was not represented strongly enough in the House of Commons. If he suffers the least bit in the world from constitutional self-sufficiency, Lord Rosebery is, nevertheless, undoubtedly one of the ablest of the younger members of the Liberal party. It is, accordingly, probable that the Ministry will be only for a time deprived of his Lordship's abilities. The proposition that the noble Earl should become the first Secretary for Scotland, an appointment for which his native shrewdness would well qualify him, might afford pretty general satisfaction, could he take his seat in the body of the House of Commons as freely and frequently as he does in the Peers' Gallery. As it is, however, the clever and canny young peer who contributed so largely to the return of Mr. Gladstone for Midlothian is hardly likely to remain long out of office.

Both Houses have shone during the past week, on the whole, as deliberative and legislative assemblies. In the Lords, the important debate on the condition of the Army was raised on Monday by Lord Stratheden and Campbell, who was of opinion that neither the Militia nor the Volunteers had a sufficiently long course of training in the year to render them effective in case of invasion. What country is satisfied with its military machine? France, Germany, Russia, Austria, and Italy groan under arms. They give up to soldiering what England devotes to industry. Grumble as War Office or Westminster critics will at the smallness of our Army establishment, somehow it has generally proved equal to its duties. Yet, in view of the mighty battalions that are arrayed on the Continent in these piping times of peace, worth considering was Lord Cranbrook's terse recipe that "in the multiplication of the Militia lies the chief defence of the nation." The Earl of Morley and the Duke of Cambridge put as good a face as they could upon the deficiencies in the enrolled strength of the Army—"something like 20,000 below the establishment," admitted Lord Morley—and the Earl of Wemyss, as one of the prime authors and leaders of the Volunteer Movement, gave timely expression to a by no means uncommon sentiment when he declared with an outspokenness characteristic in Lord Elcho that it was a scandal "to military administration that the Volunteers are still so absolutely deficient in the means of organisation which would enable them to take the field."

Whether or not it was this flourishing of scarlet uniforms, so to speak, that roused a combative spirit in the breast of a prominent leader of the Church Militant, certain it was that on the morrow the Bishop of Peterborough favoured their Lordships with a most spirited and trenchant onslaught on the Bishop of Carlisle's Bill for the Reform of Cathedral Statutes. With Hibernian humour and incisive rhetoric did Bishop Magee launch his shafts against Parliamentary interference with the Church. Though the House laughed with the witty Bishop, the preponderance of argument went against him, Earl Granville and the Archbishop of Canterbury being among those who supported the measure, which was read the second time. But the Bishop of Peterborough merits thanks for relieving the decorous dulness of their Lordships' proceedings—when the Marquis of Salisbury does not happen to speak.

The Commons devoted far more time than was necessary to the consideration of Mr. M'Coan's quarrel with Mr. O'Kelly. After Mr. M'Coan's virtual application for the protection of the House on Thursday week on the score of Mr. O'Kelly's challenge, which he had declined to accept, hon. members assembled in large numbers on the following evening to hear what explanation the untameable member for Roscommon had to offer. Careless as ever in demeanour was Mr. O'Kelly when he took his seat on one of the Irish Home Rule benches near Mr. Parnell, who acted as prompter to his colleague. He attended by express command of the Speaker. But the tone of his speech was so defiant to the House, and so calculated to increase the irritation of Mr. M'Coan was his cool intimation that by the non-acceptance of the challenge he had "fallen out of the category of honourable men, and is therefore no longer worthy of attention from any man," that disappointment was occasioned by the mild and diffuse commentary of Mr. Gladstone. The Prime Minister would, however, apparently have asked for Mr. O'Kelly's committal for contumacy to the custody of Captain Gosset had not the member for Roscommon, at the instigation of Mr. Parnell, again risen to state explicitly that "after the receipt of the last letter of the junior member for Wicklow, I had no longer any intention to proceed any further in the matter." As it was, Mr. M'Coan's frank condemnation of the violent and un-Parliamentary language used by Mr. O'Kelly towards Mr. Forster that called forth the challenge, probably neither Mr. Parnell nor his fiery henchman (who presumably saw Mr. John S. Clarke the other night as Major Wellington de Boots) will seriously regret the secession of the junior member for Wicklow from the extreme Home Rule wing.

Lord Randolph Churchill, undeterred by the exodus of members at the termination of the O'Kelly comedietta, vivaciously attacked the present and late Ministry for their stern attitude towards Civil Servants desirous of a rise in their salaries, and discontented, as the noble Lord alleged, at the appointment of a Prime Minister's Private Secretaries as heads of departments. But the animadversions of his Lordship, supported though he was as faithfully as ever by Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and backed likewise by Mr. Monk, only drew able defences of the administration of the Civil Service from Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Childers, and Mr. Gladstone. Lord Randolph Churchill's resolution of censure against the Board of Inland Revenue for issuing the order of Jan. 3 prohibiting excise officials from petitioning members was rejected by a majority of 83—120 against 37. There followed a lament as to the alleged deterioration of the material of which our Army is composed, Sir W. Barttelot deploring the falling off in recruiting and in the physique of the men. The Marquis of Hartington, as Secretary for War, offered the remedy of an extension of the period of service to twelve years, with the option of continuing for another nine years. This approximation to a return to the long-service system met with the approval of Colonel Stanley and other military authorities.

There has been a good deal of gossip in Society on the reported desire of the Duke of Albany to succeed the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General of Canada; but Baron de Worms could not draw the Prime Minister on the matter last Monday. While declining to say whether the report was correct or incorrect, Mr. Gladstone, speaking generally, said, "her Majesty's Government are aware of the willingness of the

Duke of Albany to render service to the Crown and the country, and, as they conceive, such a desire on the part of his Royal Highness does him the highest honour."

Settling down earnestly to business, the House spent Monday evening profitably in a practical debate on the Corrupt Practices Bill, which the Government had the pleasure of hearing read a second time without division, after a series of effective speeches by Mr. C. Lewis, Mr. G. Russell, Mr. Cowen, Mr. Raikes, Mr. E. Clarke, Mr. Waddy, Sir R. Cross, and Sir Henry James, who has had the skilful conduct of the measure. With equal dispatch, the Scottish Agricultural Holdings Bill, which is to give to farmers beyond the Tweed the same right to compensation for improvements that English agricultural tenants are to have, was discussed, and read a second time in the morning sitting on Tuesday, also without division. On Wednesday Sir Arthur Otway's prudential resolution restraining railway companies from paying interest out of capital was adopted by 131 against 123 votes. Thus it will be seen that the recent appeals by Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote to the Liberal and Conservative gatherings have borne good fruit.

THE COURT.

The Queen's health gradually improves, and her retirement is varied by drives morning and afternoon, either in pony chair or carriage, the Princesses generally accompanying her. A visit was paid by her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, last Saturday to the Rev. Mr. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell at the Manse. Divine service was attended on Sunday at Balmoral by the Queen, Princess Beatrice, Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, and Countess Feodore Gleichen. The Rev. Archibald Campbell officiated, and joined the Royal family at dinner. The Princesses ride and walk out daily. Staff Captain Sir Alfred Balliston has received from her Majesty a handsome silver cup, the accompanying letter expressing it to be a present from the Queen, in remembrance of the many years during which Sir Alfred Balliston had so faithfully and zealously served her Majesty on board the Royal yachts.

The Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath has been conferred upon the Earl of Dufferin.

The Queen has approved the appointment of General the Right Hon. Sir W. Knollys to succeed the late General Lord Rokeby as Colonel of the Scots Guards. The date of Sir William's first commission in the Army is Dec. 9, 1813; he is also Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

Before commencing the Ascot gaieties, the Prince and Princess of Wales had a variety of entertainments. The ball given by the members of the New Club, Covent-garden, was attended by their Royal Highnesses, with whom were the Duke and Duchess of Albany; and they were at Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Hope's ball, in Chesterfield-gardens. The concert at St. James's Hall given in aid of the funds of Kew church was attended by the Princess and her family; and the Prince and her Royal Highness, with their sons, were at Miss Ellen Terry's benefit at the Lyceum Theatre. His Royal Highness presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, at Willis's Rooms; also at a special meeting, at Marlborough House, of the Governors of Wellington College; and at a meeting of the executive committee of the Royal College of Music, also at Marlborough House. Prince Christian was present, and, with Princess Christian, lunched with the Prince and Princess. Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street, on Saturday took several groups of her Royal Highness and Princes Albert Victor and George, and Princesses Victoria, Louise, and Maud of Wales, and the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen. Prince Swasti, brother of the reigning King of Siam, had an interview with Princes Albert Victor and George, at Marlborough House, and presented to them some specimens of Siamese arms, sent by Prince De Va Wongse in remembrance of their Royal Highnesses' cruise in her Majesty's ship Bacchante. Prince Swasti and the members of the suite were subsequently presented to the Prince by Lord Thurlow. Divine service was attended on Sunday by all the Royal family. On Monday, the Prince and Princess, accompanied by their sons and daughters and the hereditary Princess of Saxe-Meiningen, left Marlborough House for Cowarth Park, Sunningdale, for the Ascot week. Their Royal Highnesses went, as usual, to the course on the opening and cup days in semi-state, the Royal cortège consisting of five carriages, the leading one being new for the occasion. Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and other visitors were in the Royal procession. The Princess of Saxe-Meiningen drove over in a waggone incog., being in mourning, and the remainder of the Prince and Princess's guests arrived on Lord Fife's coach. The Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen had to leave Marlborough House for the Continent before the expiration of his visit on account of the death of a relative. The Prince and Princess will visit Portsmouth on the 13th inst. to take leave of Prince George, who sails in the Canada the next day. The Prince has appointed Captain Francis Durrant, R.N., Governor to his Royal Highness.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught returned to town on Sunday from the Continent. The King of the Belgians came from Brussels to Ostend to see their Royal Highnesses. The Duke and Duchess were at the marriage of Viscount Curzon, eldest son of Earl Howe, and Lady Georgiana Elizabeth Spencer Churchill, fifth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, on Monday, at St. George's, Hanover-square, and at the wedding-breakfast given by the bride's parents. Their Royal Highnesses' gift was a silver gilt salver.

Thomas Caffrey, another of the Phoenix Park murderers, was hanged last Saturday in Kilmainham Jail. He was penitent, and said he hoped his fate would be a warning to all Irishmen to avoid secret societies.—An approver, named Adam Coleman, was yesterday week examined at Castlebar, in support of the charge of conspiracy to murder preferred against a number of men in that district. He said he was sworn in a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood at a wake by Thomas A. M'Cawley, one of the accused, and he spoke to receiving revolvers, supplied, as was stated, by a man named Nally, and gave particulars of several plots to murder. The six prisoners were remanded.—Messrs. Healy, M.P., Michael Davitt, and P. Quinn, were on Monday released, after an imprisonment dating from Feb. 8 last, for refusing to find bail for their future good behaviour.—All the unoccupied farms on Lord Cloncurry's property in New Pallas and Murroe were on Monday taken possession of by constables employed by the Land Corporation.—Mr. Edward Harrington and James Brosnan, the foreman printer in the office of the *Kerry Sentinel*, which was lately suppressed by the Government, were on Tuesday sentenced to six months' imprisonment for printing a threatening notice, and two other members of the staff received two months' imprisonment.—The Lord Lieutenant has ordered further awards, amounting to £3000, to various persons who were injured by agrarian outrages.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Though Ascot is in full swing at the time of writing, we feel bound to devote a line or two to Sandown Park First Summer Meeting, which took place at the end of last week, and was a sort of dress rehearsal of the greater festival. The Prince and Princess of Wales and a large company were present, and, as the weather was simply perfect, the scene in the reserved enclosure was a very brilliant one. Polaris, who ran for the first time this season, has evidently retained her two-year-old form, and had an easy task in the Sandown Derby, an event that produced a dead-heat of three last year. Junket, an own sister to Rookery, who enjoyed a great private reputation, made her debut in a Maiden Plate on Saturday, but was beaten by Avignon; and in the British Dominion Two-Year-Old Stakes Superba made ample amends for her defeat at Kempton Park. Two very good performers—Lord Byron and Limosa—were second and third respectively, and the former was giving the winner no less than 15 lb. Some of the visitors left Escher early, in order to cross the Channel in time for the Grand Prix on Sunday last. It proved a most exciting affair, the finish being stubbornly fought out between the English and French Derby winners, and, after a desperate finish, Frontin beat St. Blaise by a neck. This result was quite contrary to general anticipation, and convinces us that the three-year-olds of the season are decidedly moderate.

The opening day of the Ascot Meeting was favoured with a continuance of the splendid weather we have enjoyed for the last three weeks; and though, for some unaccountable reason, the general attendance seemed scarcely up to the average, yet the aristocratic patrons of the turf mustered as strongly as ever. A very interesting card opened with the Trial Stakes, in which Geheimmis, who carried 14 lb. extra in order to claim exemption from sale, beat eight others very cleverly. Lady Vivian secured a Maiden Plate with Offspring, a colt by Springfield—Eglantine, who was rumoured to be considerably in front of Primavera. With a view to other more valuable engagements, Tristan was not brought out for the Gold Vase, and, in his absence, Border Minstrel made such a sad example of a field which included Bonny Jean, Victor Emanuel, and City Arab, that we are beginning to believe the confident statement that this son of Tynedale and Glee is the best three-year-old in England; at any rate, it is much to be regretted that his name was omitted from all the classic races. St. Blaise, though he had returned from France, had not sufficiently recovered from his voyage and recent race to take part in the Prince of Wales's Stakes. In his absence Galliard and Ladislav were the only penalised members of the party, but his 5 lb. extra did not much trouble the former, who won with any amount in hand from Ossian and Laocoon; Ladislav again cut up very badly, and the poor show made by Malibran and Ettarre still further depreciated the value of the Oaks form. Superba followed up her Sandown Park success with an easy victory in the Twenty-Sixth Ascot Biennial, and this beautiful daughter of Sterling and Highland Fling is improving so fast that she bids fair to make a very high-class performer. Another field of seven, the same number that had been weighed out for each of the two previous races, took part in the Ascot Stakes, for which Thebais (8 st. 10 lb.) was in great public fancy. She seemed very nicely handicapped, but, for once in a way, Ishmael (7 st. 10 lb.) took it into his head to do his best, and literally came in alone, everything else being eased a long way from home. Palermo made an example of Shotover at 19 lb. in the Twenty-Ninth Triennial Stakes, and it is singular that Mr. Houldsworth, with all his bad luck, generally manages to win a nice race at Ascot.

On Wednesday the Royal Hunt Cup was won by Elzevir, Nescliff being second and Despair third; the Orange Cup by Barcalaine, Faugh-a-Ballagh second and Alizon third; the Ascot Derby Stakes by Ladislav, Ossian second and St. Blaise third; Second Year of the Twenty-fifth Ascot Biennial Stakes by Blue Grass, Lilac second and John Jones third; First Year of the Thirty-first Triennial Stakes by Sunray, Talisman second and Lord Strathnairn third; Coronation Stakes by Lovely, Ettarre second and Britomartis third; the Visitors' Plate by Sweetbread, Bulbul second and Lizzie third; and the Fern Hill Stakes by Clairvaux, Reprieve second and Rookery third.

The annual sale of the Marden Deer Park yearlings took place at Sandown on Saturday last. The highest price obtained was only 650 guineas; still, the twenty were a very level lot, and realised the nice average of 253 guineas.

Surrey's glorious victory over Gloucestershire was the great cricketing feature of last week, and equal credit is due to Mr. W. W. Read (not out, 79) and M. Read (not out, 113) for their brilliant hitting, and to Henderson (34) and Abel (46) for their stubborn defence when things were going all wrong in the first innings of the home county. Nor must it be forgotten that Henderson took six wickets for only 17 runs, a really splendid performance with the ground in its present hard state. M.C.C. and Ground, for which Flowers (131) did all the work, beat Derbyshire in one innings with 29 runs to spare; Cambridge University defeated the Gentlemen of England by eight wickets; and Lancashire scored a victory over Oxford University by 149 runs. This week, thanks to Woof, who captured six wickets for 15 runs, a poor M.C.C. team has beaten Notts, by 41 runs; and Oxford University, for which Mr. J. G. Walker (93 and 23) batted grandly, proved too good for the Gentlemen of England.

On Friday next the Canadian and Indian Lacrosse teams will play at Hurlingham, the Prince of Wales has promised to be present.

W. Snook won the One Mile Handicap at the Civil Service Sports from scratch, in the splendid time of 4 min. 20 sec.; this is only two-fifths of a second behind the best amateur time on record.

The races of the New Thames Yacht Club in three classes were contested last Saturday for prizes amounting to nearly £200. After some smart racing in the 40-ton class, the Silver Star won the first prize, the second prize going to the Sleuth-hound; the winner of the second race was the Freda; and the Stephanotis won the handicap.

The Silver Medal of the Cobden Club for the best essay on Political Economy, in the London International College, has been awarded to Mr. Albert Holden Illingworth.

The Royal Caledonian Fancy Dress Ball is appointed to take place on Monday, the 25th inst., at Willis's Rooms, under the patronage of the Duchesses of Richmond and Gordon, Hamilton, Buccleuch, Athole, Roxburghe, Wellington, and Sutherland, and a long list of influential ladies connected with great Scottish families.

The Inner Temple Gardens are thrown open to the public from six until nine o'clock p.m., which privilege will be continued every evening until the end of August. Large numbers of poor children from the surrounding neighbourhood avail themselves of the opportunity of playing upon the large grass-covered space which occupies the centre of the gardens.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, June 5.

Bravo Frontin! Bravo Cannon! Bravo Duc de Castries! At last, after three years of defeat, the French have won their Grand Prix. The day was brilliant, with the exception of a thunderclap and half a dozen spots of rain just before the great event of the afternoon. The attendance was greater than ever, and the receipts amounted to 335,000*fr.*, more than 30,000*fr.* in excess of those of last year. The physiognomy of the Grand Prix day has been so often described that it is needless to repeat the old formulae about the immensity of the crowd, the beauty of the racecourse, the interminable strings of carriages in the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne. The spectacle is indeed curious, and utterly different from that of our own Derby Day, with its gipsies and nigger minstrels and other noisy elements. The French crowd is orderly, good-humoured, and even elegant, and, so far from being noisy, it strikes one by its comparative silence. One thing is very evident, that the great attraction that the French find at the races is the opportunity of gambling. The French are not naturally "horsey"; they do not ride particularly well, and when a French horse does win a race he is almost always mounted by an English jockey. The explanation of the great popularity of the Grand Prix in particular, and of horse-racing in general, is the betting for which it is a pretext. The old lottery, roulette, and trente et quarante have been replaced by the races and the gambling hells of the Restoration by the turf. In Paris, almost every week sees the birth of some new sporting paper; at every race the bookmakers seem to become more numerous; even the schoolboys are in communication with betting agencies. One day last week, as I was walking in the Latin Quarter, a little handbill was given to me, on which I read the following significant notice:—"Brasserie de la Seine. The races having been adopted as a distraction by all the jeunesse des écoles [as who should say studious youth], the new proprietor, desiring to please the customers of the establishment, takes in all the French sporting journals. Every Saturday a quasi-certainty is posted up in the establishment for the Sunday races at Longchamps, Chantilly, and Auteuil." Beside this notice is a picture of a short-petticoated young lady carrying a foaming pot of beer on a tray, and the announcement, "Bock à 30 cent."

Still, apart from the gambling element, the Grand Prix is a pretext for elegance and expense, and the Parisians are proud of it, even the most democratic of them. And so on Sunday the plebeian voices were the loudest to applaud the Duc de Castries, the aristocratic owner of Frontin, just as at Athens the aristocratic Alcibiades was acclaimed by the people when he returned with all the prizes from the Isthmian games. The French Republic aims at being Athenian, and not Spartan.

For the sake of record, it may be stated that out of the 355 horses engaged for the Grand Prix only eight came up to scratch, of which only one was English—namely, St. Blaise. The eight were Frontin, Révuse, Satory, Derviche, Farfadet, Regain, Attendez-moi sous l'Orme, and St. Blaise. The betting was even on St. Blaise, three and even four to one against Frontin, and three to one against Farfadet. Frontin won by a neck, St. Blaise being second, and Farfadet third. The Grand Prix this year amounted to nearly 160,000*fr.*

With the Grand Prix the Paris season comes to an end. This week there will be the international pigeon-shooting matches in the Bois de Boulogne, an amateur performance at the private circus of M. Molier at Passy, the marriage at the synagogue of M. Maurice Ephrussi and Mdle. Beatrice de Rothschild, a few gaudy parties; and then next week the annual exodus for the seaside, the Jura, the Pyrenees, and other resorts will begin, and Paris will be left in the possession of tourists, hotel-keepers, street-sweepers, and some two millions of permanent inhabitants, whereupon the newspapers will as, usual, proclaim Paris to be empty.

Some of the papers continue to keep up the scare of a projected occupation of the Mediterranean provinces of France by the forces of the Triple Alliance, and dwell meanwhile upon the actual commercial and industrial invasion of France by the Germans and Italians. One paper cries out, apropos doubtless of the talk about the Suez Canal, "The enemy, the eternal enemy, is the Englishman. It is the Englishman who drives us away everywhere. He has deprived us of Canada, the Antilles, and India. Everywhere where the negro rises, where the Arab revolts, you are sure to find an Englishman and a missionary. *Missionary* is an English word meaning spy and secret agent. An English missionary or a Prussian spy is all one." I cite the above lines from this morning's *Evenement*. The Tonquin affair, coming in addition to the fruitless and troublesome operations in Senegal, Tunis, and Madagascar, is enough, indeed, to disgust the French with their colonies, and the irritation of the press is explicable. Apropos of the Suez Canal, at the meeting of the shareholders held here yesterday, M. de Lesseps announced that in an extraordinary assembly the Council of Administration would shortly propose the execution of a second canal, and that not on account of the recent English agitation, but in accordance with propositions made at the general assembly last year. M. de Lesseps declared that he was in perfect harmony with his English colleagues, and that he counted upon all practical difficulties as regards expropriation, &c., being easily smoothed over.

At a recent meeting of the Société du études Juives M. Ernest Renan delivered a lecture on the original identity and gradual separation of Judaism and Christianity. M. Renan predicted a great future for Judaism. "It will," he said, "serve the true cause, the cause of Liberalism, of the modern spirit. Every Jew is a Liberal. He is essentially a Liberal. The enemies of Judaism; on the contrary, are in general enemies of the modern spirit. . . . The pure religion, in a word, that we vaguely see as being able to bind together the whole of humanity will be the realisation of the religion of Isaiah, the ideal Jewish religion, disengaged from the dross that has accumulated around it." T. C.

Throughout Italy on Saturday last, the first anniversary of Garibaldi's death, there were great demonstrations of mourning. A bronze bust of the great patriot was unveiled in Rome at the Capitol, tablets were also unveiled in other cities, and popular demonstrations were held in most of the cities and towns. On Sunday the National Fête was observed. An election for the representation of Rome in the Chamber took place, and resulted in the defeat of Garibaldi's son, Ricciotti, by a member of the Colonna family. In the execution of the decree of Garibaldi, when Dictator, the Chamber of Deputies on Monday approved a bill providing that 800,000 lire shall be annually set down in the Budget to compensate the families ruined by the pillage and devastation caused by the Bourbon troops in 1849 and 1860.

The Queen of Portugal, accompanied by her sons, the Princes Carlos and Alfonso, left Madrid on Monday afternoon for Italy, travelling through France.

The Organising Committee of the Swiss Federal Rifle-Match have issued circulars inviting English and American

rifleman to attend the meeting, which is to be held this year at Lugano, from July 8 to July 19.

The Emperor and Empress of Germany, accompanied by the Crown Prince, paid a long visit last Saturday to the Exhibition of Hygiene, where her Majesty inspected all the different sections with the greatest interest. On leaving the Exhibition the Empress expressed her satisfaction with all the arrangements, and thanked all those very warmly who had carried out the work with such success.—The German Parliament has adopted the Workman's Sick Fund Bill on third reading, the Literary Convention with France, and the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation with Italy.—The rate of emigration from Germany has much decreased this year.

The Empress Elizabeth, with her younger daughter, left Vienna on Sunday night for the Starnberg Lake in Bavaria, on a visit to her Majesty's parents.

A parade of the British forces garrisoning Cairo was held last Saturday before the Abdin Palace for the distribution among the men of the Egyptian star by the Khedive.

Whilst crossing the Caspian Sea the Duc de Chartres narrowly escaped drowning, the vessel in which he was embarked having been wrecked.

At a meeting of the Viceregal Council of India bills have been introduced for the extension of local self-government in the Punjab, and for reducing the port dues at Bombay from two annas per ton to one anna and a half. This reduction will relieve the Bombay shipping to the extent of half a lakh of rupees yearly.

Sir Arthur Blyth, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for South Australia, has received the following telegram from the Government at Adelaide, dated June 4:—"Parliament was formally opened by the Governor, Sir William Cleaver Robinson, K.C.M.G., on May 31. Bills are proposed for the better conservation of water, for railways from Hergott Springs to the Peake and towards Queensland, from Palmerston to Pine Creek, from Mount Gambier to Naracorte, and from Adelaide to Willunga. The season is exceptionally good."

In the month of April the statistics issued by the Board of Trade give the number of people proceeding to Canada from Great Britain as 7054, as against 6139 in 1882. This does not include foreigners or persons who travelled to the Dominion via American ports, or indeed the direct sailings from Bristol and some Irish ports. The increase to the United States for the same month was only six per cent. For the four months ended April, the British emigration to Canada increased ten per cent over 1882, while in the same period that to the United States decreased about four per cent.—The following cablegram has been received by the High Commissioner for Canada from the Minister of Agriculture:—"Demand in Manitoba, North-West, and old Provinces for good labourers, good wages;" and it is understood that extensive preparations are being made for the large number of settlers who are expected to arrive in the Dominion during the season.

THE CHURCH.

The foundation-stone of the clergy-house, St. Cuthbert's Church, Earl's-court, Kensington, was laid last Saturday by the Earl of Strathmore.

Dr. Kitchen, the new Dean of Winchester, was installed in his office on Tuesday morning by the Bishop of the diocese. There was a large number of clergy and laity present.

Canon Anson, who has for eight years been Rector of Woolwich, feeling called to take part in the Mission working in North-west Canada, has resigned his living. It is stated that the Rev. S. G. Scott, Vicar of St. Saviour's Church, Battersea, will succeed him.

A large and influential meeting was held at Grosvenor House yesterday week to promote the building of a Church of England Soldiers' Institute at Aldershot—Bishop Piers Claughton, chaplain-general, in the chair. It was stated that £5000 is required to carry out the work.

The Marquis of Salisbury has contributed £1000 to the fund for the restoration of Essendon parish church, Hertfordshire. Baron Dimsdale has also subscribed £500, and the Rev. F. T. Hettling, the Rector, £250. The full sum required for the purpose is £4000.

A numerously-attended meeting was held yesterday week at the Mansion House—the Lord Mayor presiding—in furtherance of the movement to establish the Southwell bishopric. Amongst the speakers were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of Lincoln, Lichfield, and Nottingham, the Earls of Devon and Dartmouth, and Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P.

Mr. Richard Benyon, the Lord of the Manor of De Beauvoir Town, and patron of St. Peter's Church, in that parish, has made an offer to the Vicar, the Rev. C. J. Finch, to build a new chancel and re-seat the church, in connection with the restoration of that edifice, at a contemplated cost of £2500, on the condition that the parishioners raise the requisite amount for a new organ.

Collections for the Hospital Sunday Fund will be taken in all churches and chapels in London and suburbs on Sunday next. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will attend in State at St. Paul's Cathedral in the morning, and at Westminster Abbey in the afternoon. At the Abbey, Canon Rowsell will preach in the morning, Canon Prothero in the afternoon, and Archdeacon Farrar in the evening.

Mr. Coope, M.P., opened at the Turnham-green Vestry-hall, last Saturday, an international bazaar, held to raise funds for a new church at Gunnersbury, and for the completion of the organ at Turnham-green parish church. It is proposed to erect a temporary church, which, with the site, will cost about £1300; and £150 is required to complete the organ at Turnham-green church. The stalls were arranged to represent England, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and Switzerland.

The grounds attached to All Saints' Church, Spicer-street, Bethnal-green, have been laid out as a garden and recreation-ground, and a number of seats have been presented by the Kyrie Society.—The inhabitants of the district of West Hackney have consented to a proposal made by the Hackney District Board of Works to lay out the disused burial-ground of West Hackney as a recreation-ground for the public, and have authorised the Rector (the Rev. C. J. Robinson) and churchwardens to procure a faculty for the purpose.—Negotiations are proceeding with the ecclesiastical authorities of South Hackney with the same object.

The annual meeting of the London Diocesan Home Mission was held at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday, the Bishop of London presiding. The report stated that the receipts last year were £3939, being £265 less than the previous year, while the payments had increased, leaving a deficit of £672. The Bishop of London alluded to the fact that the population in the area of the mission was increasing at the rate of 33,000 a year, and pointed to the urgent need of planting a mission clergyman in the centre of newly-populated districts. Their business now must be to plant the mission clergyman as soon as they could in new districts, and he trusted that their work would be blessed. The report and financial statement were adopted.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

So well was the settlement of last week got through that quite a buoyant feeling has prevailed since pay-day, and more particularly in home railways. The closing of bear accounts, the opening of others for a rise, and the really splendid weather, have together caused a rebound of exceptional importance. Brighton Deferred stock rose as much as 8 per cent up to Friday afternoon. The ordinary stock of that company gained 5, South-Eastern Deferred 3, and most others from 1 to 2. On Saturday Brighton Deferred lost 1, but the general tendency was still good, most stocks further advancing on Monday. Some of the other railway departments fully participated. Grand Trunks all improved, the second preference gaining as much as 5 and the third upwards of 3. A rebound of 3 in all Mexican railway stocks was the result of the meeting proving more reassuring than the report. United States railways are more dependent upon the state of business in and around New York than upon conditions local to this market, and they remain uncertain in all respects. The tone has since been less decided, though Brighton A stock is again rising.

For the several other classes of securities there is also an improved demand, but the effect upon prices is in few instances important. Mexican Government bonds have responded to the formal notification that the British Government has appointed a special agent to negotiate with Mexico for the resumption of relations. Peruvian are again better in connection with the prospect of the conflict with Chili coming to an end, and Argentine have risen upon favourable accounts of the finances of the Republic. Uruguayan are higher. Russian are not so good, the "markets" professing to be disappointed that the coronation of the Czar is not to be followed by reforms in the method of government and the conditions of life in that country.

The Egyptian War has not adversely affected the Suez Canal dividend. On the contrary, M. de Lesseps was on Monday able to recommend 8*fr.* per share, as compared with 6*fr.* 80 for 1881, 4*fr.* 90 for 1880, 2*fr.* 87 for 1879, 3*fr.* 14 for 1878, 3*fr.* 29 for 1877, 2*fr.* 55 for 1876, 2*fr.* 88 for 1875, and 2*fr.* 5 for 1874. Upon the general situation of the company a great deal was said; but so far as the president of the company would imply there is no ground for the shareholders to be uneasy as to any adverse action on behalf of English interests. He is even unwilling to admit that the resolution to build another canal was provoked by the threats from the users of the present canal, and in proof of that he quotes from the company's minutes of January last. At the same time he is obviously desirous of securing the co-operation of the English Government and people in thus expanding the enterprise, no doubt feeling, as on a certain former occasion, that while bluster is effective enough up to a certain point, there is a line beyond which it is not safe to go in defying the English interests in Egypt.

The Hudson's Bay dividend reflects the check which has been received in Canada from the extreme buoyancy of a year or eighteen months back, though after that allowance the pace of the development of the country is still really wonderful. The dividend is to be 12*s.* per share of £15, and £1 per share is to be paid in respect of capital on account of land sales. The Canada North-West Land Company officials are making up their books, and their dividend is likely to be made known in a few days. This is the first year of work in this case, and it will be enough if a moderate dividend is paid. In dealing with large tracts of land, time is required to get the requisite machinery in motion; and it is, above all, necessary to at first divide slowly. T. S.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE GOAT SHOW.

The British Goat Society, of which Baroness Burdett-Coutts is Lady Patroness, held its third annual show at the Crystal Palace on Tuesday, the 29th ult., and the two following days. The animals sent for exhibition were not very numerous; still, the quality in many instances showed an improvement over some of the former shows. No. 43, a very large Pyrenean goat, was especially noticeable; and so was No. 50, a Nubian kid with peculiar long out-turned ears. Lady Burdett-Coutts showed some very fine specimens, and was deservedly awarded first prize in their class. Altogether, the show may be looked on as a success; and we trust that it will lead to more attention being paid to the breeding and keeping of this very useful animal. The subjects of our Illustrations are No. 23, a hornless she-goat (first prize) belonging to her Ladyship; No. 32, a short-haired horned she-goat (first prize), with kids, owned by E. T. Crookenden, of Deptford; No. 36, of the same class, by John Pope, of Whitechapel; No. 51, a male kid, W. Duckworth, of Holloway; No. 50, a male kid, Mr. P. Thomas, of New Malden; and No. 43, long-haired horned she-goat, Mr. E. Dormer, of Grosvenor Mews, Bond-street.

We are informed that the Hon. D. L. Macpherson, Speaker of the Canadian Senate, Sir Leonard Tilley, Canadian Minister of Finance, and Sir Charles Tupper, who has been appointed High Commissioner for Canada in London in succession to Sir Alexander Galt, will sail from Canada for England on the 16th inst.—Mr. H. C. Beeton, of 36, Finsbury-circus, has been appointed Agent-General for British Columbia.

The Established Church of Scotland Assembly was closed on Monday evening with speeches from the Moderator and the Lord High Commissioner. The Moderator pointed to the dangers to Presbyterianism in the event of disestablishment and the sure gain to Romanism. The Countess of Aberdeen and a distinguished party from Holyrood Palace were present in the throne gallery at the closing ceremony.—The Free Church of Scotland General Assembly has resolved, by 390 to 269, in favour of allowing congregations to use instrumental music in public worship.

An exhibition, under the auspices of the National Health Society, was opened in Humphreys' Hall, Knightsbridge, last Saturday, by the Lord Mayor. The objects shown are intended to illustrate the sanitation of houses, and the hygiene of domestic life and clothing. Addresses were given by Mr. Ernest Hart, Mr. E. Chadwick, and the Lord Mayor. It was shown that the efforts in this direction, of recent years, have resulted in a reduction of the death-rate in London, and in such a reduction of sickness as is equivalent to a great increase in the wages earned by the working classes of the metropolis. The exhibition will close at the end of next week.

Dr. Vaughan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, preaching on Sunday, referred to secret societies, and said that innocent people who were deceived in joining them thought that they were performing a virtuous duty. They never knew what they might be called upon to do, and were all to the same extent responsible for the deeds of the other members. The Catholic Church always condemned secret societies. If they were good, let them be public. They should take the words of the men executed for the Dublin murders as a solemn warning, "Tell all young men to have nothing to do with secret societies."



1. Hornless she-goat, "Countess," 4 yrs. old (No. 23), Baroness Burdett-Coutts.
2. Horned she-goat "Kitty," 6 yrs. 9 months (Nubian and British), E. T. Crookenden, Deptford.
3. Horned she-goat, from the Pyrenees, 4 yrs. old, E. Dormer Bond-street.

4. Male kid, "Arabi Pasha," black, 4 months old, Mr. Paul Thomas.
5. Male kid, "Black Prince," 11 months, Mr. W. Duckworth, Holloway.
6. Horned she-goat, "Florence," 2 yrs. 7 months, J. Pope, Whitechapel.



SIR G. A. MACFARREN.



SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

THE NEW MUSICAL KNIGHTS.

Upon the recent occasion of the opening of the Royal College of Music at Kensington, her Majesty was graciously pleased to confer the rank of knighthood on three gentlemen officially or professionally connected with music—namely, Dr. George Grove, the managing director; Professor G. A. Macfarren, and Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

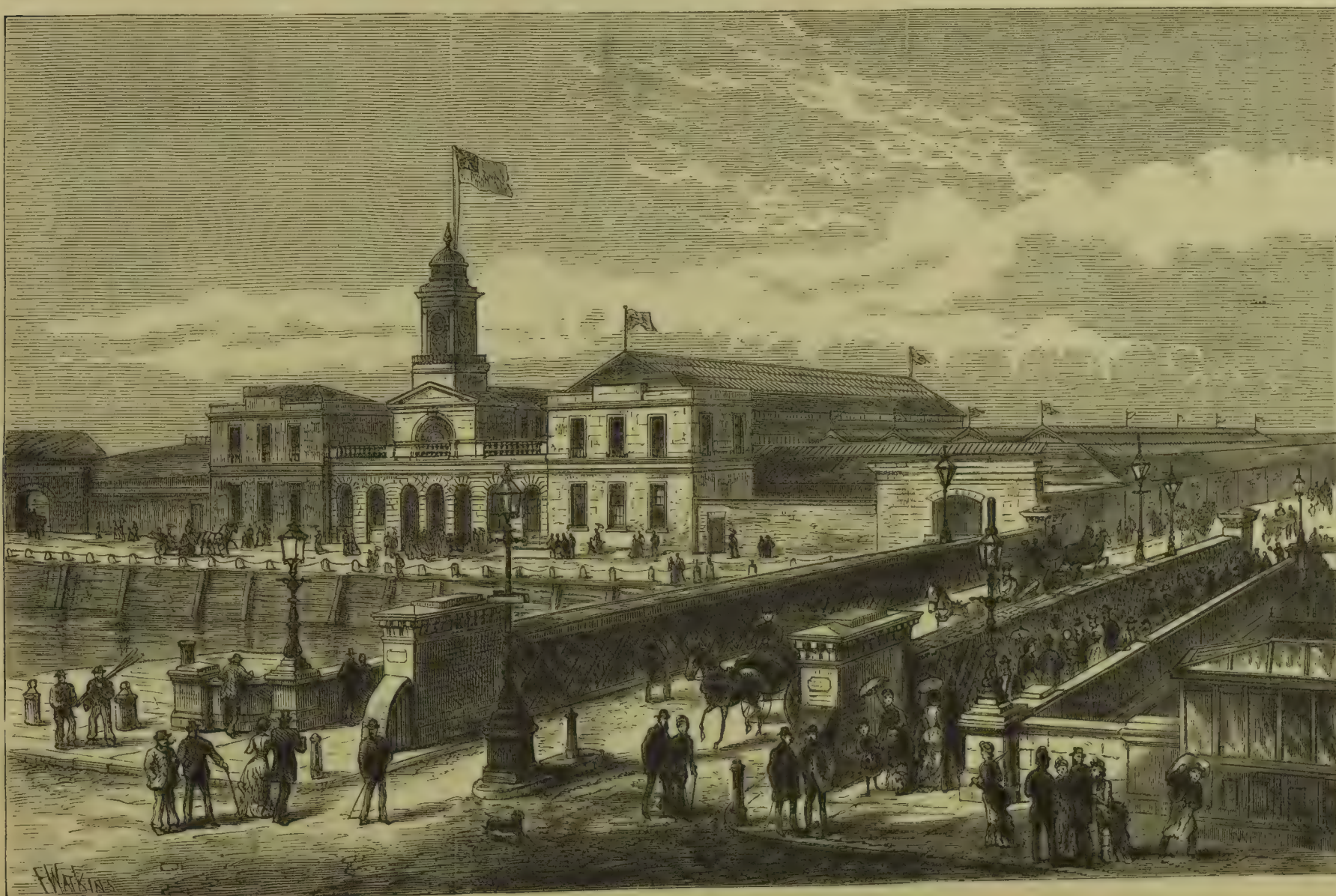
A Portrait of Dr. George Grove was published in this Journal on March 18 of last year. He has long been well known to the general public, both as an accomplished scholar and as an efficient conductor of the business of favourite institutions. He was originally educated for a civil engineer, and was on the staff of Robert Stephenson in the construction of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, and the Britannia Bridge. He became Secretary of the Society of Arts, and subsequently of the Crystal Palace, where, besides the value of his administrative talents, his influence on the musical arrangements has been of the highest importance. It was mainly through his agency that many beautiful works of Schubert were rescued from obscurity—probably from destruction—and produced at the now world-famed Saturday concerts under their

able conductor, Mr. Manns. The analytical articles signed G. in the Crystal Palace concert programmes have long been noted for their interest and value. Sir George Grove had taken the University degree of D.C.L. several years previous to his knighthood; the former honour having been well deserved by his literary and scientific acquirements. He was some time editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and was also favourably known as a Biblical scholar, and in connection with the researches in Palestine. The Dictionary of Musicians now in course of publication, edited by Sir George Grove, will, when completed, be of unique value and interest, as the only comprehensive work of the kind in the English language.

Sir George Alexander Macfarren has worked his way from small beginnings entirely by a course of earnest perseverance in his art pursuits, and by an unswerving course of honourable conduct in all respects. He was a pupil of our Royal Academy of Music, of which he is now the honoured Principal, having succeeded the late Sir Sterndale Bennett in 1875. It is many years since he gained recognition as a dramatic composer—first by the production of "The Devil's Opera," which was followed successively by "Don Quixote," "Charles the Second," "Robin Hood," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Hervellyn."

He has also composed several secular cantatas, orchestral symphonies and overtures, some pianoforte music, and many detached vocal pieces. In recent years he has evinced powers of a higher order by the composition of sacred works on a grand scale. His oratorios, "St. John the Baptist," "The Resurrection," and "Joseph," have been produced with success at our provincial festivals; and another step in this direction is soon to be taken by Sir G. A. Macfarren—his new oratorio, "King David," being promised for the Leeds Festival next October. He has also distinguished himself as a writer and lecturer on the history and theory of his art.

Sir Arthur Sullivan was a pupil of Sterndale Bennett and Goss, and at the Leipzig Conservatorium. He has for some years enjoyed a wide popularity, both in this country and America, for the bright musical comedies in which he has been associated with the literary wit and humour of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. "The Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," "The Pirates of Penzance," "Patience," and "Iolanthe" were the successful results of this combination. Sir Arthur Sullivan, however, has produced works of a higher order than those just referred to; from among these may be specified his sacred cantata, "The Prodigal Son," and his more



THE CORK EXHIBITION OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, PRODUCTS, AND INDUSTRY OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

important oratorio, "The Light of the World," this last brought out at the Birmingham Festival of 1873. Some orchestral works—including a symphony, incidental music to Shakespeare's "Tempest," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Henry VIII.," and some secular cantatas—prove the versatility of Sir A. Sullivan's powers. As a composer of innumerable ballads and other drawing-room music he has been highly successful. Sir Arthur Sullivan has also manifested great aptitude and skill as a conductor of important performances. This office he will fill, as heretofore, at the triennial Leeds Festival, which recurs next October. He was Principal of the National Training School of Music since 1876.

Our portrait of Sir G. A. Macfarren is from a photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, of Baker-street; and that of Sir Arthur Sullivan, from one by Mr. Topley, of Ottawa, Canada.

THE EXHIBITION AT CORK.

An Exhibition of Irish manufactures, and of raw materials, mineral, vegetable, and animal, produced in Ireland; of machinery suited to Irish industries, distinguishing the machinery which is made in Ireland; of Irish agricultural products and machinery, of appliances for the Irish fisheries, both sea and river, and for the curing of fish; and of all Irish works of art, will be opened at Cork in the first week of July. It deserves the fullest public commendation and encouragement, and we hope it will obtain great success. This undertaking was originated at an influential public meeting of the city and county of Cork, held on Dec. 21, and presided over by the Earl of Bandon, Lord Lieutenant of that county. The Mayor of Cork is Chairman of the Committee, and the Vice-Chairmen are Sir George Colthurst, Bart., Mr. W. Shaw, M.P., and Mr. T. Mahony; Mr. L. A. Beamish is honorary secretary; the committee numbers forty gentlemen, of different political and religious opinions, and the enterprise has nothing of a party character. We present an illustration of the buildings for this Exhibition, adjacent to the Corn Exchange, the hall of the Corn Exchange forming an entrance-hall and vestibule, with some offices for the business of the Exhibition. The buildings, which are of timber, covering a site of three acres, have been constructed, since Feb. 26, from the designs of Mr. Robert Walker, C.E., of Cork, and under his superintendence, by Mr. John Delany, the contractor, who has done his work extremely well, and much to the satisfaction of the architect. An interesting, if not unique, fact may be mentioned here: the contractor, owing to the rapid progress he made with the work, became entitled to a premium of £20 per day for twenty days, to which he waived his claim as an evidence of his great anxiety to promote the success of the Exhibition. In the great hall, arrangements have been made for the delivery of lectures and addresses during the continuance of the Exhibition—that is to say, for three months from July 3; while concerts and organ recitals will also be given. The art gallery possesses the features necessary to ensure a steady light, free from shadows and glare. Convenient dining-rooms, kitchen, refreshment bars, reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, lavatories, post, telegraph, telephone, and money order offices are provided.

The accommodation for a thousand exhibitors, as to light and space, is all that could reasonably be desired. The arrangement is well devised. Section A contains mineral, vegetable, and animal raw materials and their immediate products. Section B, machinery, tools, machinery in motion, railway and tramway plant, agricultural and horticultural implements. The other Sections are those of the vitreous, ceramic, glass, and pottery manufactures; the manufactures from skins and other parts of animals; and those from vegetable and animal fibres, spun, wove, felted, and laid, such as cotton, woollen, and silk goods; carpets, tapestry, lace, paper, stationery, and printing; furniture, and educational appliances; loan collection of art and curiosities. Some valuable prizes will be given in many of the Sections. It would be impossible to overrate the importance to Ireland of this project at the present moment.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN.

Sir Thomas and Lady Brassey attended last Saturday at the distribution of prizes of the Oxford prize scheme for the promotion of needlework in elementary schools. Her Ladyship said she was a great believer in work, whether of the head or the hand. They all had work to do in one way or another. For herself, she did not agree with the poetic words of the eminent novelist that men must work and women must weep. She believed it was much better for women to work strictly in their own way, because she thought it was somewhat the tendency of the present age for women to work out of their element and to compete too much with men. She was glad to see that in that great seat of learning, the pride of England, it was especially taught that woman should keep her own place, and be trained in her own work as well as in higher culture, for she was quite sure if women competed too much with men they would lose the influence for good which she hoped all good women possessed at the present day.

Sir Thomas Brassey said he felt persuaded that every girl and woman who was skilful with her needle was likely to be neat and tidy in her home, and to be a helpful wife, mother, or daughter; and, in short, to fill well all the various relations of life. In that favoured part of the country he dared say that it was not necessary to supplement the ordinary wages of labour by the sale of needlework; but even in Oxford he doubted not that such additions to the family earnings by school needlework would not be otherwise than acceptable. He could assure them that in other less favoured parts of the country the earnings of the needle were a very valuable resource of income. He had seen that for himself in the distant Shetland islands, in the lonely parts of Scotland, and in the more poverty-stricken portions of Ireland. Needlework was an art which deserved encouragement, because, as they had seen from the exhibition which had been brought together that day, it was an art capable of very high development in a purely artistic point of view. As one who had an opportunity of seeing beautiful houses and noble churches, and buildings of all kinds, he was glad to say how greatly the art of needlework could supplement the more important decorations of the architect in producing that which was lovely and beautiful.

It was the firm of Messrs. George Goulet and Co., of Rheims (not Gould, as misprinted in our last issue), that received from the Russian Court the order for several hundred dozens of their extra quality dry champagne for the coronation of Alexander III.

Mr. W. Irving Bishop, the eminent "Thought Reader," will give next Tuesday evening, at St. James's Hall, a séance extraordinary, the entire proceeds in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Chelsea. Mr. Bishop promises to do wonderful things—among other marvels, "reading the number of a bank-note concealed in any manner and known only to the owner;" and, should he succeed in doing so, transferring thereby a thousand pounds from Mr. Labouchere's pocket to the Victoria Hospital for Children.

HOME NEWS.

The Governors of the N. E. County School at Durham have elected the Rev. F. L. Brereton, M.A., Head Master.

A fourth performance of "The Tale of Troy" was given at Cromwell House on Wednesday afternoon.

Lord Carnarvon, who presided at the forty-second annual meeting of the members of the London Library, congratulated the members upon its flourishing state.

Reports from all parts of Yorkshire agree that the fruit crop of the present year will be almost unprecedented, especially of apples and pears, which are largely cultivated in the county.

The first turf of a new line of railway from Brighton to the Devil's Dyke was cut by Mrs. Davey, the wife of the Deputy Mayor, on Saturday.

Mr. John E. W. Addison, Q.C., of the Northern Circuit, Recorder of Preston, has been elected a Bench of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, in place of the late Mr. Holdsworth Hunt.

At the fifth annual Conference on Prisons last Tuesday, Lord Leigh presiding, a resolution was unanimously adopted declaring the desirability of having a Prisoners' Aid Society formed in connection with every prison.

Mr. Robert John Biron, Q.C., of the South-Eastern Circuit, Recorder of Hythe, Sandwich, and Deal, has been appointed by the Home Secretary to fill the vacancy in the Lambeth Police Court caused by the death of Mr. Ellison.

Mr. Justice Barry has been appointed a Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal in Dublin, in succession to the late Lord Justice Deasy; Mr. Justice O'Brien has been transferred to the Queen's Bench, vice Mr. Justice Barry; and Mr. James Murphy, Q.C., has been raised to the Bench.

Earl Cairns on Monday opened an Exhibition of Cutlery, held under the auspices of the Cutlers' Company, in the Saddlers' Hall, St. Swithin's-lane. In addition to the best specimens of modern workmanship, a highly interesting collection of foreign and ancient work is displayed.

The "Fourth of June" was celebrated at Eton with the usual festivities. The speeches were delivered at noon in the Upper School, in the presence of the college authorities. In the evening there was the customary procession of boats, followed by a display of fireworks at the river side.

On Monday night the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland began its annual deliberations at Belfast. The outgoing Moderator was the Rev. T. J. Killen, D.D., Belfast; and the assembly unanimously elected the Rev. H. B. Wilson, of Cookstown, as his successor.

Yesterday week the Dominican Church, Southampton-road, Haverstock-hill, was opened, in the presence of about 300 ecclesiastics and a large congregation. The new church, which is of noble proportions, stands next the Dominican Priory, the site of which was chosen by the late Cardinal Wiseman.

The weekly return of metropolitan pauperism shows that in the third week of May there were 87,836 paupers in the metropolis, of whom 51,020 were indoor and 36,816 outdoor. This is 39 less than the corresponding week of 1882. On the last day of the third week of May 459 vagrants were relieved, of whom 315 were men, 125 women, and 19 children.

The ship Cardigan Castle, of 1200 tons, Captain D. Jones, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 1st inst., with 384 emigrants; and the Assaye, of 1281 tons, Captain D. M'Ritchie, also chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 2nd inst., with 398 emigrants.

A musical entertainment took place a few days ago in the large dining-room of the Weymouth Union Workhouse. The concert was arranged by Mr. W. M. Thiselton, the lay reader of Holy Trinity parish, and the inmates spent a most enjoyable evening. Mr. Alderman Thomas, vice-chairman of the board of guardians, presided. Oranges, biscuits, and sweets were distributed during the evening.

It has been resolved to take steps for the establishment of a club for young men engaged in the City, the institution to have a certain amount of lodging accommodation for juniors, and ample means for the supply of luncheons and dinners. The movement is supported by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Westminster, the Lord Mayor, and other noblemen and gentlemen.

The twenty-first anniversary meeting of the various institutions promoted by the French Protestant Church in Bayswater, of which Pasteur de Pontet de la Harpe is president, was held on Tuesday—Mr. J. Macgregor (Rob Roy) in the chair. In the course of the proceedings, the pastor gave an account of the progress during the past year of his mission to French residents in London, and of the numerous agencies which are at work. About £2700 had been contributed for the purposes of the mission, and £2500 had been expended. M. de la Harpe pleaded earnestly for voluntary helpers to assist in the various classes, and in visiting, and for increased funds.

The last concerts of the season at the Royal Victoria Coffee Hall (long known as the Victoria Theatre), Waterloo-road, are announced to take place on next Thursday, when Signor Gilardoni will give an operatic selection (in costume) from Rossini's "Barber of Seville," and from Beethoven's "Fidelio." A floral concert is to take place on the Thursday following, when the stage will be profusely decorated with flowers, and will represent a village scene with Maypole and Morris dancers; Sir G. A. Macfarren's "May Day" will be sung by the choir, in costume. The final concert will take place on the 20th, and will be arranged by the committee for the benefit of the funds of the Hall, the band of the Coldstream Guards having been specially engaged.

Lady Granville distributed the prizes at the annual meeting of the London School of Medicine for Women, on Tuesday, at 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., read the report in which it was stated that forty students in all attended the school and hospital during the past winter session. Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., hon. treasurer, making a statement on the financial position of the school, said they had an endowment fund of £4500 invested to bring in £160 a year. The expenses were about £2000 a year, and half that amount was met by fees of students, and with the £160 interest on capital to count on they had to make up £800 a year, either by annual subscriptions or donations. In response to the offer of Mr. T. Barlow Kennett to give £100 to the school if £400 were contributed within two months, he was glad to say that, with £100 from Mr. Thomasson, M.P., and £100 from the Grocers' Company, the sum of £608 had been received. Lady Granville distributed the prizes and certificates. Mr. Kittredge, of Bombay, gave an account of the movement to provide by private subscriptions a guarantee fund to meet the expenses of qualified ladies who would go to India to act as doctors. Within two or three weeks of his appeal being made over 40,000 rupees, or £4000, were subscribed, chiefly by native gentlemen of Bombay, and this sum would be raised without doubt to £5000. Mr. Pestonjee Hormusjee Cama had offered £10,000 to build a hospital for women and children, to be under the care of medical women.

BENEVOLENCE AND SELF-HELP.

The Prince of Wales presided at the annual dinner of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, held yesterday week at Willis's Rooms, when there was a large company. His Royal Highness, in introducing the toast of the evening, referred to the fact that his grandfather had been the first patron of this institution, which might be styled the Pioneer Hospital, as regarded diseases of the chest. The collection amounted to £4300, including £50 from her Majesty and one hundred guineas from the Prince of Wales.

The Duke of Northumberland, presiding at the fifth annual meeting of the Home Hospitals Association for paying patients, said that the position of the undertaking was perfectly sound, and its success had taken him by surprise. The entire expenses had been covered, and a considerable interest on the outlay realised. The Duke held out hopes of an early extension of the system.

The fifty-sixth anniversary festival in connection with the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum was held last week, at the Crystal Palace, the subscriptions amounting to £6100.

The forty-fifth annual dinner in aid of the funds of the Tailors' Benevolent Institution, for the aid of aged and infirm journeymen tailors, took place on Thursday week, under the presidency of Sir Samuel S. Marling, at the Freemasons' Tavern; the subscriptions amounting to £1000.

The thirty-fifth annual conference of the Methodist Local Preachers' Mutual Aid Association opened on Monday morning at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and has been in session during part of this week. The society, which was formed at the "disruption" thirty-four years ago, has now over 3000 benefit and nearly 1000 honorary members.

Mr. S. Morley, M.P., opened the City of London Colportage Union Bazaar on Tuesday at the City Temple.

About fifty delegates from all parts of the country attended the annual meeting of the United Kingdom Postal and Telegraph Service Benevolent Society, held at Bristol on Monday. The report, which was adopted, stated that during the year 800 members had been added, and that the £6000 paid to the families of deceased members made a total of £22,886 disbursed in the way of benefit since the association was established seven years ago.

The jubilee festival of the Goldsmiths' Benevolent Institution is to be held on the 12th inst., and a special fund, to which the Goldsmiths' Company contribute £1000, has been opened in connection with the celebration.

The annual court of the governors of the Hospital for Consumption, Brompton, was held on Thursday week in the board-room of the hospital, Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. From the report of the committee of management for last year it appeared that 1224 in-patients had been under treatment, and 12,381 persons had received advice and medicine as new out-patient cases during 1882. The income had been:—From annual subscriptions, £6701; donations, £7271; church collections, Hospital Saturday and Sunday Funds, £2055; incidentals, £481; legacies, £3829; rents, £1030; dividends, 1883; making a total of £23,208. The expenditure was £31,050. The committee were gratified to report that the whole of the beds in the extension buildings—331 in number—had been for some time in use, affording accommodation for 137 additional in-patients. An opportunity was now presented of relieving suffering to a much greater extent than heretofore, and of materially reducing the sad delay in admission hitherto existing. To maintain these advantages the committee had incurred very heavy responsibilities, and they had simply no resource but to appeal to the benevolent for liberal and sustained support. The committee referred in feeling terms to the loss sustained by the death of Sir Philip Rose, the hon. secretary and vice-president, whose energetic labours in the foundation of the hospital in 1841, and his valuable services since, were well known.

Mr. George Claudius Ash and Mr. Henry Swainson Cowper were on Monday elected members of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; Professor James Dewar, M.A., F.R.S., was reappointed Fullerian Professor of Chemistry.

In the Lord Mayor's Court, a special jury has awarded £14,000 as compensation to trustees under the marriage settlement of Lord Randolph Churchill in respect to certain property at St. Mary-at-hill required by the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railway Companies.

Messrs. Neill and Son, art publishers and printsellers, of Haddington, N.B., are about to issue a collection of plates, from drawings by Thomas Girtin, engraved in mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds, with portrait of Girtin. The work was projected and the plates were engraved in 1823, but they were never printed or issued.

Several thousand persons witnessed a military tournament at Chester last Saturday, between the officers of the Chester Yeomanry Corps, commanded by the Duke of Westminster, and also between the non-commissioned officers. Captain Spicer, 5th Lancers, was judge. The winner of the officers' prize at "Heads and Posts" was understood to be Captain Tomkinson. Sergeant Leah, of the Tatton Troop, won the Duke of Westminster's prize of £20 for the best swordsman, and Sergeant Mullock, of the Eaton Troop, £5, second best. The Duke also presented Private R. Barnes with a cup, of the value of £20, for the highest score at the ranges.

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THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.

Our Special Artists furnish this week our promised illustrations of this magnificent ceremony, which took place on Sunday week in the ancient capital of Russia. The Emperor Alexander III., styled the Orthodox, Most Pious, Most Christ-loving, Most Autocratic and Mighty Sovereign, the Autocrat of All the Russias, of Moscow, Kiev, Vladimir, and Novgorod, Czar of Kazan, Czar of Astrachan, Czar of Poland, Czar of Siberia, Czar of the Tauric Khersonese, Czar of Georgia; Lord of Pskoff, and Grand Prince of Smolensk, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, and Finland; Prince of Esthonia, Lithuania, Courland, and Semigalia, of Samogithia, Korelia, Tver, Yougoria, Perm, Viatka, and Bulgaria (on the Volga); Lord and Grand Prince of the Lowlands of Novgorod, of Tchernigov, Riazan, Ploetsk, Rostoff, Yaroslav, Bielozerk, Oudor, Oodor, Kondisk, Vitebsk, and Mstislavsk; Ruler of All the Countries of the North; Lord of the Territories of Iberia, Kartalinsk, and Kabardinsk, and the Districts of Armenia; Hereditary Lord and Sovereign of the Circassian and Mountain Princes and others; Lord of Turkestan (this is the last addition), Heir of Norway, Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, Stormark, Dittmarsch, and Oldenburg, was that day crowned, with his Imperial Consort Maria Feodorovna (Princess Dagmar of Denmark), in the Cathedral of the Assumption (the Uspensky Sabor) according to the official programme.

Three days before the actual ceremony, in several public places of Moscow, solemn proclamation of the intended act was made to the assembled people; and this is one of the scenes delineated by our Artists, as it took place in the Kremlin, in the square between the Arsenal and the Barracks. Two Generals and two Lieutenant-Generals Aides-de-Camp, two Great Masters of the Ceremonies, and two Secretaries of the Synod, under the orders of the General-in-Chief, conducted the proceedings. They all wore rich and brilliant uniforms, and were mounted on white horses. Four squadrons of cavalry—two of the Chevalier Guards and two of the Horse Guards—with their brilliant gold and silver cuirasses, were drawn up in the square. Six white horses, superbly caparisoned, and led by smartly-dressed grooms, were held close to the trumpeters of the Chevalier Guards; six other white horses, similarly arrayed, were to the left of the trumpeters of the Horse Guards. Except the Heralds-at-Arms, the chief personages wore on the right shoulder a silk scarf with the Imperial colours, with gold fringe. The Heralds-at-Arms wore uniforms covered with gold lace, and carried the insignia of their rank. The General Commander-in-Chief placed himself at the front of the troops, preceded by the two Secretaries of the Synod, and having on each side an Aide-de-Camp-General, a Great Master of the Ceremonies for the Coronation, a Herald-at-Arms, and two Masters of the Ceremonies. Four trumpeters, with the arms of the Empire, stood behind, awaiting the order to sound. The spectacle was very imposing when the trumpets gave the signal, and all the people uncovered their heads, to listen to the proclamation read by one of the Secretaries of the State. An immense number of printed copies of this document having been cast among the crowd of people, the procession moved off, with its military escort, to repeat the same performance at every gate of the city. This pageant was a most effective one, especially as it filed through the archway under the Kremlin Tower, and passed at a trot over the bridge which spans the Moskva River, and when it descended one of the seven hills under the crenelated walls of the Kitai Gorod (the Chinese town); the sun shining on the glittering cuirasses and helmets of the magnificent Cavalry of the Guard, whose gay pennons fluttered in the breeze. The Heralds were dressed, not in tabards, but in loose coats richly embroidered with gold, and having both on breast and back the Imperial eagle. They wore loose breeches with vertical stripes of black and yellow satin, and Hessian boots of untanned leather, with gilt spurs. On their heads were broad hats, similar to those worn in the time of Henry VIII., whose portraits one of the Heralds very strongly resembled. In the hats were large floating plumes of black, yellow, and white. The trappings, cloth of gold, of the led white horses were embroidered with the arms of the various kingdoms and provinces set forth in the Imperial title. A violent scramble took place among the crowd for the printed copies of the proclamation.

The ceremony of the consecration of the Imperial Standard, in the Hall of Trophies at the Imperial Arsenal, was described last week. This Standard, of which we give an illustration, is made of yellow silk, and on both its sides the Imperial Eagle is embroidered in black, on each side of which are garlands of laurel and palm encircling emblazonments of the escutcheons of all the provincial governments of Russia. It is surrounded by an embroidered border terminating in a fringe of the richest gold bullion. The flagstaff is adorned with two golden tassels, and surmounted by a small golden eagle. The socket in which it is planted is of the Russian Imperial colours—yellow, black, and white.

On the Coronation Day (Sunday week), at a very early hour in the morning, every open space in Moscow from which a glimpse of the procession could be got was thronged with spectators; and everywhere throughout the city a profuse display of flags, banners, drapery, and devices, all of the national colours, met the eye; but these were thickest along the line of the procession, where every window was crowded, every inch of standing room occupied. The Emperor and Empress were in the Palace in the Kremlin, and had but a short distance to go to the Cathedral. The procession, which was to pass through the Kremlin, was begun at the Cavalry barracks, four miles distant. A numerous staff of heraldic officials, mounted on gorgeously arrayed horses, rode out to the barracks, and a loud flourish of trumpets was sounded. The gates were opened, and the officer in command received from the Heralds the Czar's order to follow them with his regiment. This he did. The Heralds next visited the barracks of the Lancers, and then, going round the town, were joined by the University, Clergy, Judges, Governors, Prefects, officers, guilds, and deputies, until the procession reached the Kremlin.

A fine view of the outdoor spectacle in the Kremlin was obtained from the Tower of the Ivan Veliki, overlooking the Palace-square, and having the Imperial Palace to the left hand, its terrace front partly hidden by the Cathedral of the Annunciation, the roof and cupolas sheeted with gold. Lower down, on the same side, was the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael: while to the right hand of this view was the Cathedral of the Assumption, where the ceremony was to take place. The doors of these churches, which are very much smaller than the name cathedral would seem to imply, open on to the square; and round each of them, from an early hour, priests began to gather. They were richly dressed in vestments of cloth of gold, the Metropolitans with jewelled mitres, and the abbots in caps of purple velvet. At last a murmur of expectation ran through the spectators as a side door opened behind the Cathedral, and Bishops, robed and mitred, issued forth, followed by the Court choir, in black cassocks, trimmed with gold and red. These joined their brethren already waiting at the porch, and with censers swinging prepared to receive the Czar.

The space between the Tower of Ivan and the Palace, about a hundred yards across by one hundred and fifty in length, was railed off into four rectangles, leaving two broad gangways crossing each other at right angles in the middle. These were carpeted, like the grand staircase, with crimson cloth. On the left of the square were stationed the Cossacks of the Royal Guard, in scarlet tunics and tall Astrachan hats; on the right, the magnificent Life Guards, in white with gold helmets, with red cloth cuirasses, decorated with the two-headed eagle. Of the four spaces into which the square was divided, two were filled with soldiers and bandmen; one was destined for the elders of the communal councils, representing the peasantry, and the fourth by men and women of the artisan or petty burgher class, in their holiday garb, long black caftans and blue caps. The crimson-carpeted spaces between, reserved for those who were to form the procession, soon became like beds of variegated flowers as the ladies' robes, the priestly vestments, and the strange Asiatic costumes mingled with the uniforms of the body guard and Court officials. At last there was a stir about the foot of the staircase which announced that the procession was about to be formed, and loud cheers broke out from the crowd to the left by the great bell. Those standing on the tower could see right up the staircase of the Palace.

Issuing from the Palace, and preceded by Heralds, the Czarevitch first appeared, accompanied by all the members of the Imperial family not in attendance on the Emperor, by the foreign Princes, and by the ladies of the Court, the latter in trains of ruby velvet, brodered round with golden flowers. Each Grand Duchess leant on the arm of one of the Princes, the Czarevitch leading the way with the Queen of Greece. The Duke of Edinburgh took the Archduchess Maria Theresa, the Archduke Karl Ludwig the Grand Duchess Marie Paulovna; and so, in stately array, they proceeded to the door of the Cathedral, where they received the benediction from the Metropolitan Archbishop of Novgorod.

Meantime a magnificent baldachin of cloth of gold, surmounted by tricolour plumes, black, orange, and white, was brought forward by thirty-two staff officers, who handed it over to the same number of Generals, including those most distinguished in the Russian service, Gourko, Radetzky, and others, and these had to support it to the foot of the staircase. Their Majesties were now informed that all was ready, and at a signal from the trumpeters and drummers stationed on the terrace, the main division of the procession advanced and entered the Cathedral.

Those who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets for the ceremony inside the Cathedral began to arrive at its doors at half-past seven. The tickets were necessarily limited in number, the space within the Cathedral available for spectators being very small. Even the invitations to the members of the Diplomatic Corps were restricted, and the foreign Princes were accompanied by only a portion of their suites. The Diplomatic Body arrived together, having assembled at the German Embassy, and being conveyed thence in state carriages. By half-past eight, the Cathedral was filled by all the officials and nobles of highest rank and station in Russia, with the exception of those who formed part of the Imperial procession.

The interior of the Cathedral of the Assumption (Uspensky Sabor) has been described. It presented a gorgeous spectacle at the performance of the Coronation ceremony, of which our Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, though unable himself to get admission, was furnished with sketches and precise details by the aid of Mr. Lowe, the *Times*' correspondent, who was the only representative of the Press admitted. In the centre, between the four great columns, was the scarlet canopy, with its double-headed eagle, and its emblazonings and plumes, black, yellow, and white. Under this stood the throne, and before it a table for the Regalia. The whole space on the floor of the Cathedral was crowded with an assembly brilliant in uniforms of every colour; while the clergy in their gorgeous robes extended a double line from the dais to the entrance. The proceedings commenced with the chanting of the *Te Deum* by the choir. There was a movement of the clergy towards the door, where they received the Czarevitch, with whom came the Grand Dukes and Duchesses, the Foreign Princes, and many ladies of the Court. The Czarevitch, with the Grand Dukes, took up his position to the right of the dais. After a short time the roar of cannon, and the cheering of the crowd outside, proclaimed that the Imperial Procession was coming. The clergy again moved out to the door, where the Emperor and Empress on their arrival were welcomed by the Archbishop of Moscow. The Archbishop of Kiev presented them with holy water, and the Archbishop of Novgorod held the cross for them to kiss. The Emperor and Empress, followed by the Imperial family, entered the church in the wake of the clergy, whilst the choir intoned the Psalm "Mercy and justice." Having bowed three times before the golden gates of the Iconostasis, they kissed the holy pictures and, mounting the dais, took their seats on the thrones beneath the baldachin. The Emperor's throne was that known as the throne of Alexis Feodorovitch, composed of carved ivory, while the Empress occupied that of Alexis Michailovitch, of silver gilt and jewelled. The Archbishops and the rest of the clergy formed in two ranks on either side of the church from the steps of the throne up to the Imperial gates. When the Psalm was ended and the bells had stopped ringing, the Archbishop of Novgorod approached the steps of the throne, and addressed the Emperor, inviting his Majesty to make profession of the Orthodox Catholic Faith. He held before the Emperor an open book, from which his Majesty read the prescribed creed, and received a benediction from the Archbishops. A Litany was then recited, with special petitions added for the welfare of the Emperor and Empress. The Archbishops of Novgorod and Kiev then ascended the platform of the throne. The Czar, after having removed from his neck the ordinary Collar of St. Andrew, and handed it to one of the officials, gave command that the collar in diamonds of that Order, as well as the Imperial Mantle of State, should be presented to him. The mantle was brought forward on two cushions by the two Archbishops, pronouncing the invocation, "In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen!" Assisted by the two prelates, and by his own brothers, the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis, the Emperor put on this mantle, which was of cloth of gold, with a border of ermine, while the Archbishop of Moscow said, "Cover and protect thy people as this robe covers and protects thee." The Emperor now again bowed down his head before the Archbishop of Novgorod, who, making over it the sign of the cross, folded his hands cross-wise above him, and repeated two prayers, after which the Emperor ordered the Imperial Crown to be brought to him. The Crown was taken from the table by an official appointed for the purpose and carried on a velvet cushion to the Archbishop of Novgorod, who in turn presented it to the Emperor. The latter took it in his hands and placed it upon his head, whilst the Archbishop repeated, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." He then read to the Emperor from a book the customary allocation. Next was presented to his Majesty the sceptre and orb, these emblems likewise first passing

through the hands of the Archbishop of Novgorod. The Emperor, sitting crowned and robed, the sceptre in his right hand and the orb in his left, remained some few moments motionless. He then, laying aside the sceptre and orb, commanded that the Empress should approach him. Her Imperial Majesty knelt before her august consort on a cushion of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, placed on the estrade by one of her attendants. The Emperor then removed his crown from his head, touched the forehead of the Empress with the diadem, and replaced it on his head. The Empress's own crown was then presented to the Czar by the dignitary who had carried it in the cortège, and the Emperor placed it on the head of her Imperial Majesty, Maria Feodorovna. The four Ladies of Honour then approached their Sovereign in order to fix the Crown on her head. Next were presented to the Emperor the Imperial Mantle and Collar of St. Andrew, with which his Majesty proceeded to invest the Empress, the Ladies of Honour again gathering round her Majesty in order to adjust the mantle and collar. The Empress then arose and re-seated herself on her throne, and the Emperor resumed the sceptre and orb. The Archdeacon here recited in *extenso* the styles and titles of the Czar, and intoned the verses "Domine Salvum fac Imperatorem," "Domine Salvum fac Imperatricem"; followed by "Ad Multos Annos." This the choir repeated in unison three times. Full peals were then rung on all the bells, and a salvo of 101 guns was fired. During the artillery salute the clergy and all those present expressed their congratulations to the Emperor, without quitting their places, by profound reverences. The Empress and members of the Imperial family also tendered their felicitations to the Czar, ascending for that purpose the topmost steps of the throne-estrate. Immediately after the conclusion of the artillery salute the Czar arose, laid by his sceptre and orb, and, in kneeling posture, recited from an open book, presented to him by the Archbishop of Novgorod, a prayer prescribed by the ritual. On the conclusion of this prayer, the Archbishop and the entire illustrious congregation knelt down and offered up a supplication to the Almighty for the welfare of the Sovereign, the Czar alone remaining standing. The Archbishop, on arising, pronounced a short allocation to his Imperial Majesty, and the choir chanted the "Te Deum" to the sound of all the bells of the Kremlin. After the singing of the canticle, the celebration of mass commenced, the Czar removing his crown, which was not replaced on his head until the conclusion of the liturgy. Having read aloud a portion of the New Testament, the Archbishop presented to their Majesties the sacred volume, which they devoutly kissed. Whilst the anthem of the communion was being chanted, the Civil Governor of Moscow, aided by subordinate officials, laid down—for the passage of his Majesty from the throne to the holy doors of the Iconostasis—a narrow carpet of crimson velvet bordered with gold, and then the Archdeacon extended a carpet of gold brocade from the holy doors to the high altar. At the termination of the communion anthem, when the officiating clergy had communicated and the holy doors of the Iconostasis stood open, two Archbishops, attended by two Archdeacons, advanced towards his Majesty to announce to him that the rite of consecration was about to commence. The Czar, having ungirded himself of his sword and handed it to one of his august assistants, descended from the throne and proceeded, followed by her Majesty the Empress, to the golden Iconostasis, or screen of the chancel. The Imperial family were preceded by Masters of the Ceremonies, and followed by a great company of Ministers of State and members of the military household. Having reached the portal of the Iconostasis, the Emperor alone stepped forward upon the carpet of gold brocade. The Empress did not advance beyond the extremity of the carpet of crimson velvet, brocade with gold, the grand dignitaries and members of the military household closing up in a semicircle round her Imperial Majesty. Then the Archbishop of Novgorod, bearing the precious amphora containing the sacred oil, dipped therein the traditional gilded palm-branch, and performed the rite of unction on the forehead, eyelids, lips, arms, left breast, and hands of his Imperial Majesty, pronouncing the hallowed words, "In pressio domi Spiritus Sancti." The Archbishop of Kiev performed the rite of wiping off the vestiges of the holy unction. Again the bells pealed, and a salvo of a hundred guns announced that the Czar had been anointed with all due solemnity. The Czar then stood before the Icon of the Saviour, and the Empress, setting foot on the carpet of golden brocade, approached the Iconostasis. The Archbishop of Novgorod anointed her Majesty with the Holy Chrism on the forehead, only pronouncing the words "Impressio domi Spiritus Sancti," after which the Archbishop of Kiev wiped away the vestiges of the unction. The ceremonial of consecration being thus concluded, her Imperial Majesty stood before the Icon of the Virgin. The Archbishop of Novgorod then conducted the Czar by the Holy Gate into the Sanctuary, officiating prelates bearing up the coronation mantle. His Majesty, approaching the holy table, communicated as priests communicate—that is to say, in the two elements separately, "by virtue of the sovereignty which resides in his person." After the Communion one of the Archbishops tendered to his Majesty the customary bread and wine, while another Archpriest presented water for the ablutions. Quitting the Sanctuary, the Emperor took up his position by the Icon of the Saviour. The Empress then approached the holy door, and received the Communion from the hands of the Archbishop of Novgorod, according to the usual rite. Two Archbishops presented to her Majesty the bread and wine, together with water for ablution. Their Majesties then returned to the throne-dais, and re-seated themselves on their thrones, the Imperial regalia being carried before them, as aforesaid. The Archpriest-Almoner of the Emperor then recited before their Majesties the Prayer of Thanksgiving after Communion; and at the conclusion of mass the Archdeacon intoned the "Domine Salvum fac Imperatorem" and the "Domine Salvum fac Imperatricem," the choristers thrice repeating, as before, "Ad Multos Annos." At the conclusion of Divine service, the clergy presented the Cross to be kissed by their Majesties; after which, the Czar having resumed his crown and again taken the sceptre and orb in his hands, the Imperial procession was re-formed in the same order as that in which it had entered the Cathedral, passing out by the north door. "And how," says the *Times*' correspondent, "shall I describe the incidents and feelings of the few minutes during which, in his passage, under a gorgeous canopy, from one church to another, Alexander III. showed himself to a mighty concourse of his acclaiming subjects as their crowned and consecrated ruler, Emperor and Autocrat of All the Russias by inheritance, by Divine right, and by Heavenly unction? The solemn and majestic strains of the National Anthem, the joyful pealing of the bells, the thunder of cannon, the surging sea of spectators, and their loud and long-continued cheers, the gilded domes of the glorious city, seen glittering through the battery smoke, and the cloud-encompassed sun, struggling through to suffuse the scene with its encouraging smile—all produced a sensation which it was little less than rapture to experience, and a picture which can never fade from the recollection."

Their Imperial Majesties afterwards dined in State, wearing the Imperial crowns and mantles, in the banqueting-hall, called the Granovitaya Palata, in the presence of the high dignitaries of the Empire, and were served at table by their chief Ministers and Chamberlains.

The Emperor on Monday received the congratulations of the Members of the Holy Synod, the High Clergy, Diplomatic Body, Council of the Empire, Senate, Marshals of Nobility, Cossack and Asiatic deputies, and municipal and provincial delegations in the Throne-room and Hall of St. Andrew, in the Kremlin. As the long line of deputies, filing two and two through the hall, came up, the Emperor asked them each a few questions, touched with his hand the presents which they brought as a sign of acceptance, and a master of ceremonies took charge of the gifts, while the donors bowed and passed on. Most of the presents offered were large massive silver-gilt plates, with Russian ornamentation, bearing dark-looking flat loaves of bread, with silver or gold salt-cellars containing salt, or an icon richly jewelled, which the Emperor and Empress kissed, or an album of portraits. All these costly presents were laid out in order on tables stretching along the right of the hall behind the pillars, with the exception of the loaves, which were piled up in heaps on the window-sills. These objects are represented among our minor illustrations.

The congratulations of the high clergy, who came forward in a body, attired in gorgeous wide-spreading garments, and led by the Archbishop of Kiev, were very interesting. Standing before their Majesties, the venerable prelate addressed the Emperor, pointed his finger heavenwards, and said, "Beloved Monarch—God is with you, and Russia lies before you."

The Kremlin was on Monday night the scene of one of the most brilliant and magnificent spectacles that even the Russian Court could present. Their newly-crowned Majesties gave a grand reception and opened up the gorgeous halls of their Imperial Palace to all persons of rank and position assembled in Moscow. At ten o'clock their Majesties, attended by all their Court, and accompanied by their princely guests, appeared and made the round of the apartments. Then followed a stately polonaise, in which the etiquette of precedence was satisfied by the frequent exchange of partners; but otherwise there was no dancing, and at about half-past eleven their Majesties withdrew. Outside the scene was little less imposing than within. Various doors opened from the halls of reception on to a noble terrace looking south, and from this terrace more than half Moscow could be seen below, burning with a varied glow of a ruddy and fantastic flame. Towers, domes, battlements, river embankment, spires, dwelling-houses, bridges, barracks, and monasteries—all thrown into clear and artistic outline by the myriad lamps, gas jets, festal lights, and electric lights—formed the most magnificent festal illumination ever witnessed.

On Tuesday the presentation of congratulations to the Emperor and Empress was continued in the palace of the Kremlin. Precedence was given to the Ambassador from the Pope, who remained closeted with the Emperor for nearly an hour. First among the high military officers to offer his congratulations was General Lord Wolseley, and then followed a long succession of officers of all grades.

The Emperor and Empress again held a reception in the Kremlin Palace on Wednesday to receive the congratulations of the ladies of the Court.

The climax of the Court festivities was reached on Wednesday evening by a gala performance in the Imperial Opera-house. A theatre blazing with so many varied uniforms and diamonds and gold embroidery was never before seen. About eight o'clock their Majesties, with their Court, arrived, and their appearance was greeted with tremendous enthusiasm, the whole house rising to hurrah and sing the National Anthem. Dressed in the scarlet gala uniform of the Chevalier Guard, the Emperor made a splendid figure. The performance consisted of an act from Glinka's "Life for the Czar," and a new ballet entitled "Night and Day." When the curtain rose for the final scene of the latter the stage was crowded with a multitude of performers, of both sexes, representing every variety of tribes, peoples, and races, ruled over by the Czar. A group of each variety advanced in turn, and treated the Emperor to a specimen of their native dances. The ballet was brought to a close by a magnificent transformation scene, representing the apotheosis of Russia, before whom appeared, in venerated attitude, allegorical figures of Legislation, Art, Science, the Art of Military Education, Trade, Agriculture, and Industry. When the curtain fell the audience burst out into hurrahs, and again chanted the National Anthem as their Majesties retired. The Czar drove home to his Palace through the densely-crowded and illuminated streets without any escort, amid the cheers of his subjects.

The week's proceedings ended with the great feast which was given to the common people on Saturday in the park of the Petrofsky Palace. There were four vast theatres, in front of which the Imperial pavilion was erected, flanked by stands for the nobility and the invited guests. As the people entered the park food was distributed to them, and by noon eight hundred thousand rations had been given. When the Emperor and Empress arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon they were received with tremendous cheering, and his Majesty occupied several minutes in bowing his thanks. The Imperial party remained an hour and a half. On Sunday, in the same park, the regiment of Cossack Guards made a wonderful display of horsemanship. After the fête the village elders and the marshals of the provincial nobility were entertained at dinner at the Petrofsky Palace. Addressing the former, the Czar asked them not to give credence to senseless rumours respecting the distribution of grants of land, for all property must be respected. He thanked the marshals for their fidelity, and asked them to support him in everything conducive to the benefit of the Throne and the Fatherland.

The Emperor and Empress, on Sunday, paid a visit to the Monastery of St. Sergius, at Troitzka, about forty miles from Moscow. This is a famous place in the history of the Russian Church, and of the Czars and the nation. St. Sergius was a Russian of the fourteenth century, a person of extraordinary sanctity, a monk and a patriotic warrior, who defeated a whole army of Tartars. His monastery, which contains also the shrine of the Patriarch Nikon, was the refuge of Peter the Great during an insurrection of the Strelitzes, and more than once resisted the fierce attack of the invading Poles. A view of the buildings at Troitzka is given among our illustrations. We present also a view of the Alexandrinsky Palace, at Moscow, in which the Emperor and Empress spent the three days preceding their Coronation Day in strict religious retirement, under a prescribed regimen of fasting and prayer. The recently completed Memorial Church of St. Saviour, which was consecrated this week in the presence of his Majesty, before leaving Moscow, is the subject of another illustration. It has been nearly thirty years in building, as it was commenced at the accession of Alexander II. The walls are entirely of marble, and the domes are plated with gold. This splendid edifice is designed to commemorate the retreat of the invading army of Napoleon I., in the terrible winter of 1812.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

A few landscapes remain to be noticed. Mr. Vicat Cole's large picture of "Windsor" (297), is rather a *crux*. Notwithstanding the great skill of the execution—see especially the lower right-hand portion; notwithstanding the suggested charm of morning haze, which, however, instead of apparently aggrandising the great castle tower merely renders it vaporous and unreal; and notwithstanding the imposing size of the canvas—we cannot but feel that this is rather petty if not common art. It seems to have some affinity to the old Suffolk-street style of picture, made to be pretty at all cost, made to sell to the dealer and the "collector," as a superior article of furniture. A greater difficulty is presented in Mr. Brett's two coast scenes—"These Yellow Sands" (142), a view looking seaward with serpentine rocks in the foreground; and "Welsh Dragons" (809), with, again, curiously stratified rocks, covered with weeds, mosses, and lichens, and a sea of azure and emerald light, and purple shadow broken into myriads of twinkling wavelets. The latter work is the more characteristic of Mr. Brett's ultra-literarism. As usual, it seems to say, "Look at me, every square inch of me, for am I not exactly like what you would see?" The painter pays, however, a penalty for, as it were, his intrusion, and a heavier one than usual, for, accepting the challenge, and looking only at the details, they are surely harder and more exaggerated than anything in nature, and more so than is his wont. Moreover, the method by which they are rendered is by no means free from obvious artifice. But even admitting the representation were true—as the eye might see bit by bit with fixed attention—this does not—despite the Japanese patience and precision of the workmanship—convey the impression *the mind* would or could receive from the scene itself. In short, if our theory of art is not wholly groundless, this is but its infancy. Whatever pleasure it affords is only analogous to that of wonder in the child looking through an inverted telescope. It is wanting in the higher mental attributes of fine art.

Two or three works may still be cited (in addition to those already noticed) as distinguished by an aim at style. W. Linnell—see "Highlands and Lowlands" (321)—owes something to his father, and something to the Old Masters; to the latter, or rather to their present aspect, is due, we suppose, his strong if not heavy colouring. If he owed more to Nature; if he could see her pearly atmospheric greys, the cool reflections of her skies, her tenderness and subtlety, and variety, he might do great things in his grandiose manner. Keeley Halswelle is another vigorous and "personal" but routine painter. How often has he not given us the glassy water and water-plants and the flurry of clouds in No. 688—a canvas surely much too large for all there is in it. "Still Waters Run Deep" (268), by G. Chester, is pleasantly reminiscent of Constable, and must be powerfully painted to hold its own so well at the height at which it has been placed in the Great Room.

Other landscapes there are which display competent workmanship, evince genuine love of nature, and represent her honestly, if they do not interpret her in the most artistic manner conceivable. Among the best examples that may be placed in this category are "The Old Riverside Tree" (268), by E. Parton; "Gentle Autumn" (531) by Frank Walton—excellent, but a little monotonous in colour; C. W. Wyllie's "Home from the Brazils" (136), and, better still, "Rochester from the River" (793), which is charming in colour; "In the Highlands of Surrey" (329), by Sir Arthur Clay, which reaches a high professional level; "The Edge of the Birchwood" (237), by R. Scott Temple; "Summer Green" (1523), by J. Clayton Adams, and "High Tide at Kynance, Cornwall" (281), by S. R. Percy, who appears here quite rejuvenescent.

The water-colour drawings attain a higher level than might be expected in face of the large demands elsewhere. We need not, however, dwell on the contributions of artists so well known as James E. Grace, Bernard Evans, Frank Walton, H. Caffieri, T. B. Hardy, D. Law, J. M. Donne, J. Sherrin, and Mary Forster. But less familiar names are attached to drawings of mark and promise—particularly Albert Strange's "Midsummer Eve" (1051), which is as poetical in feeling as it is subtle in execution; also drawings by A. East, E. A. Walton, T. Wade, and P. Ghent, all of them noteworthy for that breadth of treatment to which the merit of our early school was so largely due. The head of the old scrivener in No. 1002, by H. Terry, is excellent in another way—quite worthy, indeed, of Mr. Marks—and a word of praise is due to Mary Eley's "The Pet Lamb" (957), Helena J. Maguire's "Uninvited Guests" (981), and Mr. Snape's "The Gamekeeper's Museum" (911). But the most striking work is Mr. Arthur Croft's drawing, in the centre of the room, of "Künbrücker," the dizzy bridge and equally dizzy road at Stalden in Switzerland. The deep "upright" shape of the drawing, and its scale, enormous for water colours, may seem to help the impressiveness of the vast heights and depths and magnitudes and distances with which it deals; and yet a straining of the capabilities of the medium, which can hardly escape, and does not escape, a rather scenic and conventional result, is not at all necessary; for Turner has rendered masses and spaces at least as imposing within the compass of a few inches. However, this is a very able work, and a Welsh moorland scene by the same artist is even more so.

The miniatures need not detain us; nor are the chalk drawings remarkable, if we except two portraits of ladies by Mr. Frederick Sandys, which, however, are not free from hardness, and seem not beyond suspicion of exaggeration in the proportions. Some of the engravings and etchings we have already reviewed. Of the former, those by Mr. Barlow, after Millais, and Mr. Stapoole, after Briton Riviere, are the best. As regards the etchings, it is only too obvious that the honours are borne off by Brunet Debains, P. Rajon, L. Flameng, and C. Waltner; though we may find much to admire in the productions of R. W. Mabeth, C. O. Murray, D. Law, Dr. Evershed, and other English artists.

The sculpture seems to have declined in a very marked degree. The promise presented two or three years ago of a new awakening and development of the art is certainly not fulfilled; and sculpture, relatively to painting, no longer deserves the improved accommodation then accorded to it. Portraits, generally of the most commonplace quality, throng the galleries; while poetic themes, ideal treatment, or even thoroughly accomplished realism is rarer than ever. Few of the sculptors of note justify their reputation; and in some the falling off is deplorable. Mr. Woolner won admission into the Academy in his pre-Raphaelite days, but his subsequent attempts at idealism and breadth of treatment have mostly miscarried. Unlike Mr. Millais, he has been unable to pass from the student to the master. The statue of the Queen for Birmingham is altogether unfortunate. It is ill-proportioned; a youthful face is joined to a mature figure; and even the drapery is devoid of character, not to say style. The bust of Mr. Gladstone (1578) was probably intended to possess something of Roman dignity; but, while sacrificing more of the likeness than might seem possible with such a subject, it misses the expression of concentrated if latent power that

so eminently distinguishes the busts of the Capitol, the Vatican, and the Naples Museum. The bust of the Premier (1651), by Mr. E. Onslow Ford, a little-known sculptor, is better in every respect; and the model, by the same, for a statue of Mr. Irving as Hamlet (1628) is a very faithful likeness of the actor in the part, though it can hardly satisfy an abstract conception of the character. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft is most disappointing. The young sculptor, from whose "Teucer" and "Artemis" so much was expected, seems already to have lapsed into mannerism and exaggeration. Nor can much be said in praise of the bust by Mr. Armstead, No. 1693. Mr. Boehm has nothing so happy as the Carlyle of last year; but his busts of Mr. Millais (1531) and Lord Sydney (1624) are, as usual, animated and faithful though somewhat prosaic likenesses. More considerable is his success in the very spirited and picturesque model for a colossal statue of Sir Francis Drake, for Tavistock. It shows, too, a right conception of the treatment suitable for bronze. Mr. Simonds was ill advised in challenging comparison with Benvenuto Cellini with his bronzed statue of "Perseus." The work evinces knowledge and capacity; the attitude, however, is rather stilted, and the expression theatrical; nor is the modelling free from rigidity.

Mr. Birch is unequal; but his busts of Mr. Horace Jones (1619), and Mr. Barrett as Wilfred Denver, in "The Silver King" (1619), are good; and his William III. at the Battle of the Boyne (1587) cleverly reproduces the equestrian figure in Benjamin West's picture. His model for the colossal bronze statue of Lord Beaconsfield, for Liverpool, is a tolerably successful likeness, considering the difficulty of the subject, and superior to the average of our public statues. Mr. Brock's bust of Mr. H. Rhys (1675) is an able piece of realistic work, especially having regard to its colossal scale. Mr. Verheyden seems to invite attention to his skill in carving by leaving the chisel-marks unsmoothed in his bust of Cardinal Newman (1526), and the workmanship is respectable, though the portraiture is rather tame. Mr. Belt's bust of Sir Henry Selwyn Ibbetson (6617) is certainly not equal to several of the busts shown at the Westminster Court; indeed, it is one to which, if we remember rightly, the Academicians allowed little "artistic merit," yet they have not denied it a place here! "Caught" (1639), by Mr. Lawes—a girl with rod and line drawing a fish from the water—is a sprightly if hardly dignified motive for sculpture. The nudity of the girl we accept, albeit a naked angler is a rather incongruous idea, and gives a somewhat French savour; the face and attitude are expressive; but the modelling of the legs (to say nothing of their shortness) is surely too rudimentary, even in a sketch-model, for public exhibition. It is pleasant to see this group of artists exhibiting again together like a happy family; may they soon forget their squabbles; and may we be soon permitted to forget "Belt v. Lawes," for nothing so unprofitable, and nothing so prejudicial to the cause of sculpture in this country has ever cropped up.

A few busts, &c., of more or less merit still claim notice. Foremost in excellence is the bronze "Study of a head" (1600), by A. Gilbert—than which nothing in the sculpture galleries has left upon us so deep an impression. The model, like the style, is foreign: simply a woman, rather square of form, with heavy brow, thick upper lip, and almost stolid mien; her head swathed with a cloth—one of Millet's *paysannes*, one would say, but realised far more completely in detail. Yet, while not less pathetic than the French master's toilers, there is a sense of proportion and nobility of line that is quite antique; or we might put it differently, perhaps, and say, with equal propriety, there is a truth to nature that is beautiful, and therefore Greek. That last final "touch of Nature," which, in fact, reaches the highest point of ideal art—how rare it is! Other busts of, as we have said, more or less merit, are William Linnell (1564) by J. Adams Acton, John Stuart (1571) by T. M. Maclean; the Duke and Duchess of Albany (1542 and 1540) by F. J. Williamson, and those of W. Tyler, M. Ferguson, S. Fry, G. B. Amandola, W. R. Ingram, and Henrietta S. Montalba. Mr. A. Bruce Joy's medallions also deserve a word of praise, and a small model by J. Batsche of British cavalry charging the Egyptian enemy (1598), though not perfect, is spirited and promising.

THE INDIAN LAND QUESTION.

Sir Bartle Frere presided yesterday week at a meeting held in the Lower Hall, Exeter Hall, convened by the East India Association, to consider the Land Question in India. An elaborate paper by Miss Florence Nightingale was read by Captain Verney, R.N. Miss Nightingale stated that each year adds to the difficulty and the necessity of solving the land question in India. In Bengal, in three quarters of a century, the Government revenue has increased to three and a half millions, while the zemindar's rental has grown from about one third of a million to (including illegal exactions) twenty-five to thirty millions. Even taking it at the road-side estimate of thirteen millions, the ryots now pay an excessive exaction of £8,273,000 yearly. If this be valued at twenty years' purchase, we have deprived the cultivators of the enormous sum of £165,000,000, and given it to the zemindars, who still cry for more; and the ryots have been toiling in Madras and starving on the Deccan in order that gentlemen in Bengal may enjoy incomes of hundreds of thousands a year free from taxes. Miss Nightingale urged that the remedies for the present state of things in India were—fixity of tenure, fair rents (in a country where from time immemorial the ryot's right to have his payments fixed by the authority of Government has been recognised), a public record of holdings, disability of the ryot to contract himself out of his rights, and effective penalties for illegal exactions. As indirect remedies, Miss Nightingale recommended the revival of village communities, and encouragement of trades and industries in a country which is now almost wholly one of tillage.

In a discussion which ensued Mr. Da Costa, of Calcutta, cited the authority of Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, to prove that the ryots generally were not in a miserable condition or oppressed by the zemindars as a body; Mr. Grazebrook also maintained that oppression was exceptional; Mr. Roper Lethbridge said that he had found the ryots aware of their rights and able to defend them, and, on the whole, contented and happy, while the Government demands on the zemindars were inexorable; Mr. A. K. Connell deprecated the raising of the land tax under the pending legislation by the Government for public works; Mr. H. G. Keene, C.S.I., late Judge at Agra, agreed with Miss Nightingale that ryots should not be allowed to contract themselves out of their rights; Sir George Campbell, M.P., said he thought that the zemindars needed the restraint of law, and that the Government of India acted wisely in trying to do justice between them and the ryots, whose case was as good as that of the Irish tenants had been.

A vote of thanks was accorded to Miss Nightingale.

The Great Eastern Railway Company has opened its new alternative route between Norwich and Great Yarmouth. The new line will materially relieve the existing route, upon which the traffic had become very heavy.

THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.



PROCLAMATION BY THE HERALDS AND SECRETARIES OF THE SENATE.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF WESTMEATH.

The Right Hon. William St. George Nugent, tenth Earl of Westmeath, in the Peerage of Ireland, died on the 31st ult., at Holyhead, on his journey homeward. He was born Nov. 28, 1832, the eldest son of Anthony Francis, ninth Earl, by Anne Catherine, his wife, elder daughter and coheir of Mr. Malachy Daly, of Raford, in the county of Galway, and was educated at Oscott. He early entered the Army; served in the Crimea (obtaining the British, Turkish, and Sardinian medals), and retired as Captain 9th Regiment. His Lordship was J.P. and D.L., and acted as High Sheriff of county Galway in 1875. He married, July 24, 1866, Emily Margaret, daughter of Mr. Andrew William Blake, of Furlough, and leaves several children. The eldest son, Anthony Francis, now eleventh Earl of Westmeath, was born Jan. 11, 1870. The Nugents, Lords DeVin and Earls of Westmeath, are amongst the most ancient and historic families in Ireland.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNABY, M.P.

Major-General Edwyn Sherard Burnaby, of Baggrave Hall, county Leicester, J.P., M.P. for the North Division of that shire, died at Brighton on the 31st ult. He was born May 22, 1830, the only son of the late Captain Edwyn Burnaby, of Baggrave Hall, by Anne Caroline, his wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Salisbury, and represented an old Leicestershire family. He was educated at Eton, entered the Grenadier Guards in 1846, and attained the rank of Major-General in 1880. He served in the Crimea, 1854 to 1855, and gained the Brevet of Major for distinguished conduct, as well as medal with two clasps (Inkerman and Sebastopol) and the Fifth Class of the Medjidie. From 1855 to 1857 he was Brigadier-General of the British-Italian Legion, and from 1860 to 1861 was employed on special duty in Syria. He became M.P. for North Leicestershire in 1880, and sat as a Conservative. He married, Aug. 29, 1864, Louisa Julia Mary, daughter and coheir of Sir Willoughby Wolstan Dixie, Bart., and was left a widower Jan. 28, 1881.

MR. GARFIT.

Mr. Thomas Garfit, late M.P. for Boston, J.P. and D.L. for Lincolnshire, died on the 29th ult. at Boulogne-sur-Mer, aged sixty-seven. He was son of the late Mr. William Garfit, of Boston, by Harriet, his wife, daughter of the Rev. William Draper; was called to the Bar in 1846, and was for several years one of the banking firm, Garfit, Clayton, and Co., of Boston and Louth. In 1878, he entered Parliament as a Conservative, and was re-elected in 1880, but unseated on petition. He married, in 1846, Elizabeth Boyd, only daughter of Mr. T. Broadbent, of Grove House, Lancashire, and leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Hooper John Wilkinson, of Walsam Hall, and The Rookery, Yorkford, Suffolk, J.P., aged eighty-three.

Mr. Cuthbert Edward Ellison, the able and esteemed police magistrate of Lambeth, on the 26th ult., at his residence in Chester-square. He was called to the Bar in 1845, and appointed to the Police Bench in 1864.

Mr. Frederick James Chester, of Poyle Park, Farnham, Surrey, on the 24th ult., in his seventieth year. He was a descendant of Sir Robert Chester, of Royston, Herts, one of the Gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to King Henry VIII.

Mr. Robert Frederick Boyle, M.A., for some years Inspector of Schools in Somerset, at Florence, aged forty-two. He was second son of the Hon. John Boyle (second son of the eighth Earl of Cork, K.P.), by Cecilia, his wife, sister of the twenty-third Lord de Ros, and was cousin of Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

The Rev. Osborne Gordon, B.D., Rector of Easthamstead, Berks, formerly Student and Censor of Christ Church, Oxford, an eminent scholar, remarkable for his skill in Latin composition, in his sixty-ninth year. In 1834 he gained the Ireland Scholarship, and in 1836 double first-class honours. He was a member of the Oxford University Commission, and was well known for the interest he took in University reform.

Over 200 riflemen competed yesterday week in the last day's contest of the Middlesex Rifle Association, at Wormwood-scrubs, for the National Rifle Association bronze medals and £100. The principal results were as follow:—Lieut. Warren, Victorias, 94 points, with the Snider, at Queen's first stage distances, won the first prize of £10 and medal; Quarter-master-Sergeant Bacchus, South Middlesex, 91, and Private Fraser, Artists, 89, took the second and third medals for Middlesex; Corporal Green, London Rifle Brigade, 87, the City of London medal; and Capt. Smith, Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade, 83, the Tower Hamlets medal. There was a tie between Private Chantler, H.A.C., and Colour-Sergeant Merrick, Civil Service, for the fourth Middlesex medal.

The committee of the Bethnal-green Free Library have published a statement to the effect that after seven years' incessant labour they have secured a valuable collection of books, magazines, &c., numbering about 17,000 publications, all which have been presented by generous donors, including the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Albany, Princess Beatrice, and other members of the Royal family; authors and editors, firms and publishers, societies and institutions, including the University of Oxford, and several departments of State. The books, &c., are deposited in suitable premises, which include the library, newspaper and magazine room, ladies' reading-room and lecture-hall, and which have been erected at a cost of £5000. The library was opened to the public on Dec. 22, 1881. The expense for shelves, cases, &c., for these works, which has been considerable, has been met by the contributions of liberal donors, including from Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., £25; the Clothworkers' Company, £20; Mr. George Williams, £10 10s.; Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co., £10. Additional shelves are much required to accommodate the large number of volumes, reviews, journals, and magazines that have been recently donated, which will, with other expenses, involve a further outlay of £100. The library is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, which are greatly needed to meet the annual expenditure that cannot, consistently with the efficient maintenance of so important a work, be less than £300. The committee therefore appeal to the public for the required amounts above named. Contributions will be received by Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., bankers, 54, Lombard-street, E.C.; Mr. F. A. Bevan, treasurer, at the bank as above; the Rev. W. Tyler, F.R.M.S., hon. sec., 247, Hackney-road, E.; or by Mr. G. F. Hileken, librarian, the Free Library, London-street, Bethnal-green.

CHESS.

(The Problem and Correspondence are unavoidably postponed.)

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

It would, obviously, be convenient to preface our notes of the second series of matches by a record of the score of the competitors in the first; but the latter, although nominally brought to a conclusion so far back as May 21, is not even yet actually completed. There is, as we write—Monday, June 4—a drawn game to be settled between Messrs. Rosenthal and Englisch, and one of the consequences of the dilatory action in the official score-list and of the management, has been confusion in the official score-list and erroneous reports in some of the morning papers. Subject to another encounter between the players named, the result of the first series of matches, prepared from our daily notes, is as follows:—

	Won.	Lost.		Won.	Lost.
Zukertort ...	12	1	Rosenthal ...	6½	8½
Mason ...	9½	3½	Winawer ...	7	6
Steinitz ...	9	4	Mackenzie ...	5	8
Tschigorin ...	9	4	Noa ...	3½	9½
Blackburne ...	8½	4½	Sellman ...	3½	9½
Bird ...	7	6	Skipworth ...	3	10
Englich ...	6½	5½	Mortimer ...	0	13

Tuesday's matches were remarkable for their decisive character, only one drawn game occurring out of the seven played. This was a Queen's Pawn opening between Mackenzie and Mason. Blackburne beat Skipworth, Rosenthal beat Noa, and Winawer beat Tschigorin. Bird opened with the Evans' Gambit against Steinitz, and a very fine game ensued, the first player, however, although he had won the exchange, having an uphill battle to fight. After four hours' play he struck his flag. The game between Mortimer and Sellman was carefully and steadily conducted by the former, who by a highly ingenious sacrifice in the middle game obtained a winning position as follows:—

White (Mortimer).—K at K R 2nd, Q at Q B 6th, R's at K B 4th and K R 3rd, Kt at K Kt 5th, Pawns at K R 4th, K B 2nd, K 5th, and Q R 4th. (Nine pieces.)

Black (Sellman).—K at K Kt sq, Q at Q 5th, R's at K B sq and Q R 7th, Kt at Q 2nd, Pawns at K Kt 3rd, K B 2nd, K 3rd, Q B 4th, and Q R 2nd. (Ten pieces.)

Here Mortimer played Kt takes K B P, to which Sellman answered R to R 8th, when the former missed his chance of victory by the strictly defensive move Q to K Kt 2nd. Had he played instead, R to K Kt 3rd, he must have won the game in a few moves. The match between Englisch and Zukertort attracted most attention, the former subjecting his adversary to a fierce attack down to the nineteenth move. He then playing rather weakly on the Queen's side, underrating, apparently, the growing attack on his King's quarters, to escape from which he was ultimately obliged to sacrifice the exchange. Zukertort had then a winning position, being the exchange ahead and having his Pawns united on the Queen's side, well placed for the end game. Subsequently exchanging pieces hastily, the game was resolved into a drawn position as follows:—

White (Englich).—K at K B sq; Pawns at K 4th, Q B 2nd and 3rd, and Q R 2nd. (Five pieces.)

Black (Zukertort).—K at K 2nd; Pawns at Q B 3rd and 4th, Q Kt 2nd, and Q R 2nd. (Five pieces.)

Here Englisch played K to K 2nd, and lost; had he played P to B 4th instead, the game should have been drawn.

The adjourned game between Bird and Zukertort, noted last week, was played out on this evening, and was won by the latter. Appended is the score of the two days' matches:—

MONDAY.				TUESDAY.			
Bird ...	0	Zukertort ...	1	Bird ...	0	Steinitz ...	1
Englich ...	dr	Steinitz ...	dr	Englich ...	0	Zukertort ...	1
Mortimer ...	1	Skipworth ...	0	Mackenzie ...	dr	Mason ...	dr
Mason ...	dr	Blackburne ...	dr	Mortimer ...	0	Sellman ...	1
Sellman ...	dr	Mackenzie ...	dr	Rosenthal ...	1	Noa ...	0
Tschigorin ...	0	Noa ...	1	Skipworth ...	0	Blackburne ...	1
Winawer ...	dr	Rosenthal ...	dr	Tschigorin ...	0	Winawer ...	1

Four draws were set down for play on Wednesday, but only two were brought to a decisive result. The following is the score:—

Blackburne ...	1	Mason ...	0	Mackenzie ...	1	Sellman ...	0
Englich ...	dr	Steinitz ...	dr	Rosenthal ...	dr	Winawer ...	dr

Of these, the most interesting was that between Englisch and Steinitz. The latter appeared to have the advantage throughout; but the game, after some excellent play on both sides, was ultimately drawn. Mackenzie opened with 1. Kt to K B 3rd (a move which takes the game out of the groove of well-known drawn positions) against Sellman, and won after six hours' play. Mason adopted Philidor's defence against Blackburne, and the game was evenly contested for some time. At the thirty-seventh move, Blackburne contrived to win a Pawn, and ultimately won a very closely-fought game. Rosenthal and Winawer confronted each other for about fifty moves on each side, and then agreed to a *remise*.

One of the notable incidents of Thursday was the retirement from the lists of the Rev. Mr. Skipworth, acting on the advice of his medical attendant. As an amateur, totally unaccustomed to such a prolonged effort as six weeks' daily match play involves, Mr. Skipworth's sustained power throughout the first half of the competition is worthy of all admiration. His cheerful temper and gentle bearing have secured him the esteem of his competitors, and his victories, though few in number, prove that he is entitled to a place among the chess masters of our time. Steinitz, who was paired against Mr. Skipworth for this day, scored accordingly. Sellman encountered Bird with a French defence, the latter conducting the attack to a sudden and amusing termination by winning the adverse Queen.

In the other games played on this day, Blackburne beat Tschigorin, Englisch drew with Rosenthal, after eighty moves on both sides; Winawer beat Mason, and Noa beat Mortimer in a skittling sort of game played at the rate of about thirty moves an hour. Dr. Zukertort's board, as usual, attracted a crowd of spectators. He was opposed by Mackenzie, who early in the game succeeded in breaking up a formidable but premature attack, coming out of the *mêlée* with a Pawn plus. A finely-played end game was eventually abandoned as drawn.

The fourth of the second series of matches was played on Friday, the 1st inst., and the most notable incident of the day was the fifth defeat of Steinitz, the victor being Tschigorin. This young master, probably inspired by recollections of the success of his Evans' Gambit against the same adversary at Vienna last year, or possibly having detected some weak point in the armour of Steinitz in his defence to Bird's "Evans" on Tuesday, opened with that evergreen favourite. The attack was vigorously maintained until success crowned the efforts of the Russian master; but there were few indications in the defence of Herr Steinitz's old force (he is, we are informed, suffering from severe indisposition), as will be seen by perusal of the game appended:—

WHITE (Tschigorin).				BLACK (Steinitz).			
1. P to K 4th				P to K 4th			
2. Kt to K B 3rd				P to K B 3rd			
3. B to B 4th				B to B 4th			
4. P to Q Kt 4th				B takes P			
5. P to Q B 3rd				B to B 4th			
6. Castles				P to Q 3rd			
7. P to Q 4th				P takes P			
8. P takes P				B to Kt 3rd			
9. Kt to Q B 3rd				Kt to Q R 4th			
10. B to K Kt 5th				P to K B 3rd			
11. B to K B 4th				Kt takes B			
12. Q to R 5th (ch)				Q to Q 2nd			
13. Q takes Kt				Q to K B 2nd			
14. Kt to Kt 3rd				P to K Kt 4th			
15. B to Kt 3rd				B to K 3rd			
16. Q to R 4th (ch)				B to Q 2nd			
17. Q to R 3rd				R to Q B sq			
18. K R to K sq				P to K Kt 5th			
19. Kt takes B				R P takes Kt			

Zukertort defeated Mason, the latter having subjected himself at the outset, being forty minutes late in attendance, to the disadvantage of playing the first fifteen moves in twenty minutes. He accomplished this *tour de force* without suffering any immediate loss, but his game was inferior throughout in consequence of it. Blackburne and Mackenzie drew against Winawer and Noa respectively; Englisch beat Sellman, and Rosenthal, after a narrow escape from disaster, unseen by his adversary, defeated Mortimer. The result of the two days' matches is therefore as follows:—

THURSDAY.				FRIDAY.			
Bird ...	1	Sellman ...	0	Bird ...	1	Skipworth ...	0
Blackburne ...	1	Tschigorin ...	0	Blackburne ...	dr	Winawer ...	dr
Englich ...	dr	Rosenthal ...	dr	Englich ...	1	Sellman ...	0
Mason ...	0	Winawer ...	1	Mackenzie ...	dr	Noa ...	dr
Noa ...	1	Mortimer ...	0	Mason ...	0	Zukertort ...	1
Steinitz ...	1	Skipworth ...	0	Mortimer ...	0	Rosenthal ...	1
Zukertort ...	dr	Mackenzie ...	dr	Steinitz ...	0	Tschigorin ...	1

Three draws were played off on Saturday, but only one resulted decisively:—

Blackburne ...	dr	Winawer ...	dr	Mackenzie ...	1	Noa ...	0
Englich ...	dr	Rosenthal ...	dr				

Of the six matches played on Monday last, three resulted in draws. Mortimer opened with his favourite Bishop's Gambit against Steinitz, and maintained a harassing attack to the end; but the latter, after about six hours' play, succeeded in effecting a draw. The game between Zukertort and Tschigorin became blocked early in the opening, and, neither being able to break through the enemy's lines, the battle was drawn. Sellman v. Winawer also resulted in a draw. Blackburne opened his game against Mackenzie rather carelessly, and on the twelfth move overlooked the consequence of an exchange of minor pieces, whereby he lost a Pawn, and resigned on the twenty-seventh move. Englisch beat Bird, and Rosenthal won of Mason.

Englich ...	1	Bird ...	0	Mortimer ...	dr	Steinitz ...	dr
Mackenzie ...	1	Blackburne ...	0	Sellman ...	dr	Winawer ...	dr
Mason ...	0	Rosenthal ...	1	Zukertort ...	dr	Tschigorin ...	dr
Noa ...	1	Skipworth ...	0				

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1879), with a codicil (dated Feb. 26, 1883), of the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Wentworth Fitzwilliam, late of Warmworth Hall, Doncaster, who died on March 1 last, has been proved by the Hon. William Henry Wentworth Fitzwilliam, the nephew, and George Thomas Gilpin Brown, the executors, the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testatrix, after bequeathing legacies to her brothers, sisters, her said nephew, and to servants, leaves £12,500, upon trust, for her sister, Lady Mary Thompson, for life; and the residue of her real and personal estate to her sister, Lady Frances Laura Bridgman-Simpson, for life, and then for her nephews, Orlando John George Bridgman-Simpson, George Arthur Bridgman-Simpson, and Francis Charles Bridgman-Simpson. The deceased was the eldest daughter of the fifth Earl Fitzwilliam.

The will (dated March 13, 1880) of Mr. Francis Morley, late of Breadsall Priory, Derbyshire, who died on Jan. 23 last, was proved on the 2nd ult. by Mrs. Emma Morley, the widow, William Statham, the nephew, and John Ridgway, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £71,000. The testator leaves the Breadsall Priory estate and his furniture and effects to his wife for life, then to his nephew, William Statham, for life, and on the death of the survivor he settles the said estate on his nephew's son, Francis Statham. He also gives £2000 per annum to his wife for life, and on her death £1400 per annum to the said William Statham; £1000 to his niece, Emma Smith; £500 to his wife's niece, Helen Ridgway Mort; £200 each to his executors, Mr. Ridgway and Mr. Statham; and the residue of his real and personal estate to the said Francis Statham on his attaining twenty-four.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1830), with a codicil (dated July 24, 1882), of Alderman Sir Thomas White, late of No. 61, Mark-lane, of Great West Hatch, Chigwell, Essex, and of No. 144, Sloane-street, who died on March 8 last, was proved on the 25th ult. by Henry Benjamin White, the son, Cecil Herbert Thornton Price, Arthur Turner Hewitt, and Martin Savill, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £68,000. The deceased also died possessed of considerable real estate in the counties of Middlesex, Essex, and Kent. The testator leaves certain plated goods, china, pictures, books, furniture, and other effects, to his wife Dame Florence Susan White, and the income of £8000 for life, or until she shall marry again; his presentation plate and other legacies to his children; and there are also legacies to the widow of his late son Horace; to his sisters, Miss Helen Julia White and Mrs. Emma Simmonds; to his niece, Kate White and his nephew, Ernest White; to his executors; to his butler, housekeeper, and other domestic servants; to his clerks and salesmen; and £1000 to John Mills, the manager of his business. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between his children in equal shares. The bequests to his children are irrespective of the gifts and settlements made on their respective marriages.

The will (dated Aug. 14, 1882) of General Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, K.C.M.G., late of No. 18, Bolton-street, Piccadilly, who died on March 19 last, was proved on April 26 by John Sidney North, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator, after giving legacies to relatives and others, leaves the residue of his estate and effects to his brothers, John Sidney North and Percy William Doyle, equally.

The will (dated April 7, 1881) of Mr. Charles John Eyston, J.P., late of East Hendred, Berks, who died on Feb. 19 last, has been proved by Mrs. Agnes Mary Eyston, the widow and sole executrix, the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator gives legacies to his wife, trustee, and bailiff; £50 for such charitable purposes as his wife may think fit; and £10 to be distributed among the poor of East Hendred. His Overbury property he leaves to his wife for life; his settled estates and all his real estate in the county of Berks, in default of male issue, he also leaves to his wife for life, and at her death they are settled upon his eldest daughter. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided between all his children, except the child who succeeds to the family estates. The younger children, in addition, take portions under settlement.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1883), with two codicils (dated Feb. 9 and 26 following), of Mr. Charles Edward Barlow, late of The Lawn, Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on March 27 last, has been proved by Mrs. Julia Barlow, the widow, and Frederick Last, the executors, the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator leaves all his property, real and personal, as his wife shall appoint, and he requests her to give certain sums of money to his brother, sisters, and other relatives, but without creating any trust or imposing any obligation on her to do so; and he also requests her to give £1000 each to the Discharged Prisoners Aid Society and the School Board for London for the purpose of promoting Christian education; £250 each to the London City Mission and the Church and Continental Society; from £250 to £1000 between such Homes for Gentlewomen where small payments are made, as his wife shall determine; and smaller amounts to the Builders' Benevolent Society and the Architects' Benevolent Society. Any sums given by him in his lifetime to these charities are to be taken as on account of these bequests.

The arrivals of live stock and fresh meat at Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada were much larger than those of the preceding week, and the total supply of both live stock and fresh meat showed a considerable increase. The total shipments amounted to 3746 cattle, 3803 sheep, 8511 quarters of beef, and 492 carcasses of mutton.

The trustees and director of the National Gallery are prepared to receive and consider any applications which may be sent to them during the present month from provincial institutions (under municipal or other approved local authority) for the loan of such pictures as are available for that purpose under the terms of the National Gallery (Loan) Act of 1883.

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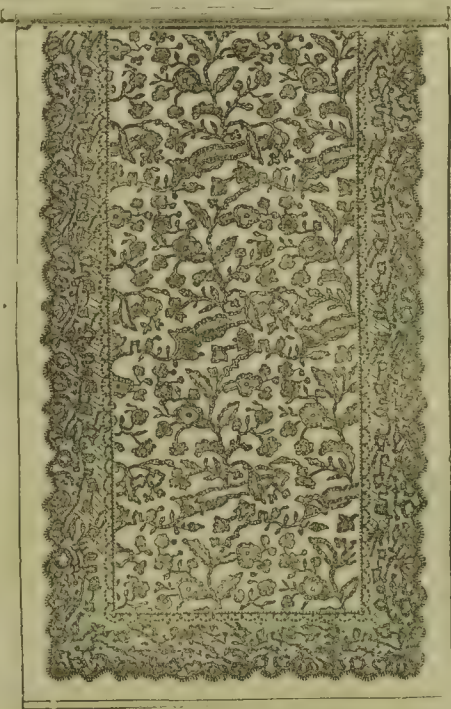
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If a single thread of hair
Of a greyish tint is there,
This "Renewer" will restore
All its colour as before.
And thus it is that vast renown
Does daily now its virtues crown—
THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

No matter whether faded grey,
Or falling like the leaves away,
It will renew the human hair,
And make it like itself appear:
It will revive it, beautify,
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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

The constitution of the person and the condition of the scalp
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start around the margin of the bald spots near the permanent
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THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER.

When the hair is weak and faded,
Like the autumn leaves that fall,
Then is felt that sudden feeling
Which does every heart enthrall,
Then we look for some specific
To arrest it on its way
And THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
Bids it like enchantment stay.

It arrests decaying progress:
Though the hair is thin and grey
It will strengthen and improve it,
And work wonders day by day.
It restores the colour,
And brings back its beauty, too;
For THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
Makes it look both fresh and new.

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That the present age can show;
What produces wonders daily,
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Why, THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER
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For luxuriant tresses always
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ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

NERVOUS ACTION.

Professor McKendrick began his ninth lecture on Physiological Discovery on Tuesday, May 29, with an account of the discoveries of Sir Charles Bell, who ascertained the functions of special nerves, and in particular showed that the anterior roots of the spinal nerves are motor. Some years later Magendie proved that the posterior roots are sensory. Bell also showed that the functions of nerves of the face, chest, and lungs are physiologically combined to form a system connected with respiratory movements. Johannes Müller (1801-58) put forth the law of "specific nervous energy"—viz., that in whatever way a nerve of special sense may be stimulated, the kind of sensational effect is always the same. The change (termed "nerve current") set up in a nerve is propagated at the rate of from 100 to 200 ft. per second. The peculiar effect produced, whether in a muscle, blood-vessel, or gland, depends on the kind of organ stimulated. In 1751 Robert Whytt clearly defined the distinction between voluntary and involuntary movements, and attributed them to a diffused sentient principle or nervous action; and Unzer, in 1771, showed that involuntary movements may occur without consciousness, through changes in a central nervous organ. That such movements originate in the spinal marrow was proved by Gilbert Blane and Le Gallois. Sir Charles Bell proved that certain nerves conduct impressions from the surface of the body inwards to nerve centres, such as the brain and spinal marrow, whilst other nerves convey impressions outwards; and he fully established the distinction between sensory and motor nerves. To Marshall Hall we owe the working out of the present theory of reflex nervous action and its mechanism, the essential feature of a reflex act being its unconscious performance. Reflex action in animals was much studied by W. B. Carpenter and G. Newport.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN CHALDEA AND ASSYRIA.

Mr. Reginald S. Poole, of the British Museum, began his second lecture on Thursday, May 31, with remarks on the characteristics of the ancient races of the world and the striking evidences of their great influence in the work of civilisation. He specially commented on the knowledge we have acquired of the language and literature of the Akkadians, Chaldeans, and Assyrians. After commenting on and illustrating the evident derivation of cuneiform writing from hieroglyphics, and pointing out the analogies between ancient and modern symbolical and syllabical writing, he explained at some length M. Terrien de la Couperie's discovery of the evidence of the migration of the Chinese, and of the western origin of their civilisation. Some interesting remarks were made on the reasons for the different representations of the cardinal points by various Eastern nations. Adverting then to the explorers, Mr. Poole described the work of excavation at Nineveh and its neighbourhood, carried on by the indefatigable Hormuzd Rassam, for the trustees of the British Museum, and especially his discovery of the bronze ornaments of the gates of the Palace of Salmanneser II. (859-825 B.C.) at Balawat, about nine miles from Nineveh and fifteen from Mosul. Of these interesting remains, now in the British Museum, the Society of Biblical Archaeology has published fac-similes edited by Dr. S. Birch. Of these bronzes the repoussé-work is said to present remarkable analogies to the described ornaments of Solomon's temple. Finally, comments were made on the discoveries at Sepharvaim, by M. de Sarzec, and the interesting evidences of primitive art and commerce.

SWORDS.

Mr. Frederick Pollock, M.A., LL.D., gave the discourse at the evening meeting on the 1st inst. The sword was said to be essentially a metal weapon, developed from a leaf-shaped spear-head into an enlarged dagger. The Mycenaean daggers with engraved blades were noticed. The sword is mentioned in the Old Testament as important; but was little esteemed by the Greeks, and the point was mostly used by the Romans. In mediæval times swords were straight and two-edged, with small handles. Swearing by the sword, a pre-Christian custom, was said to be still practised in India. The form and ornamentation of the weapon were much developed during the period of the Renaissance, and it is said to have been engraved on by Dürer. In regard to sword-cutlers, Mr. Pollock referred to those of Toledo and Solingen, and to Andrea Ferrara, Scotch swords, and the makers' marks. In the sixteenth century pointed swords or rapiers were introduced, with other specialised forms, such as cutting sabres. Indo-Persian scimitars and talmars were noticed, and it was stated that the manufacture of swords had long ago been transferred from Damascus to Khorasan. Oriental swords are not now better than those of the west, and European blades are often fitted with Eastern handles. The yataghan was shown as a peculiar type, and allusions were made to weapons used in Nepal and Japan. Excellent duelling swords were developed from rapiers, and gradually superseded the old sword and buckler. Finally, Mr. Pollock adverted to the art of fencing, which was introduced soon after the disuse of armour and the increased use of firearms; and some of the Spanish and Italian schools, as well as the modern style, were practically illustrated by Mr. Waite, the fencing-master, and an assistant. Among other feats, a potato was cut in half by an English sword, without injury to the hand of the person on which it was placed. The discourse was illustrated by diagrams, and a magnificent collection of ancient and modern weapons, including fine specimens belonging to the Prince of Wales.

THE RUSSIAN STUDENT.

Professor C. E. Turner, beginning his third lecture on Russian Social Life, on Saturday last, the 2nd inst., stated that the term "students" in Russia had a much wider signification than in Western Europe, and by no means justified the notion of their forming any distinct political party—the excuse made for harsh repressive measures against them. He next gave a short account of the organisation of Russian Universities, and reviewed the history of higher education from the days of Alexander I. down to our own times. The Universities suffered most under Nicholas, in whose reign the student and poet Poliejaïeff, for his poem "Sachka," was made a common soldier, which led to his early death. The Professor next commented on the immediate effect made on the best minds and literary representatives of the new epoch; and referred to Herzen's "Who is to Blame?" and Tschernischewsky's "What is to be Done?" as writings containing the social creed of Young Russia. The Professor warmly eulogised the generous and wide-reaching reforms effected during the reign of Alexander II., and strongly denounced the violence and crime of the small band of political fanatics which have interrupted and delayed the work. He then noticed the existing University laws of 1863, and expressed his hope that the efforts of the Obscurantists, like Aksakoff and Katkoff, to repeal them, would prove unsuccessful, and thus avert recurrence to the condition of the bad times when the Universities were mere Government bureaus. Finally, an interesting sketch was given of the recent successful movement for securing to women of all classes a higher education and the right of adopting any of the liberal professions.

MAGAZINES FOR JUNE.

In anticipation, probably, of the new departure promised for next month, both the fictions in the *Cornhill* terminate with the present number. The catastrophe in each case is tragical, but the tragedy is differently managed. In "No New Thing" the final scene is so lightly touched that the reader hardly realises the abyss of human suffering and human selfishness displayed for his contemplation. The utterly heartless and worthless, yet curiously attractive, character of Philip Marescalchi is one of the most remarkable pieces of portraiture in recent fiction. "By the Gate of the Sea" is less satisfactory as a work of art; the literary quality is high, but the unreason of the principal actors is an effectual barrier to our sympathy; and the plot is an insufficient foundation for the superstructure. Madame Villari discourses pleasantly of a new Italian delineator of rural life, Giuseppe Verga, supporting her favourable opinion by copious extracts. "Folk Songs of Provence" is a charming paper, in which the special subject, of which indeed there is not much, is relieved with sketches of Provencal manners and landscape. The version of the "Chanson de Majali" is very pretty. In another article the story of Wyatt's rebellion is well told; and there are several amusing anecdotes in a paper on Bath and Tumbidge Wells in the eighteenth century.

Macmillan has one article of remarkable interest, conveying Mr. John Morley's reminiscences, supplemented by copious biographical information from other sources, of the late Mr. W. Rathbone Greg. It is agreeable to be thus brought into close intellectual contact with one so sincere and high minded, even though his philanthropy may have been chilled and his ardour repressed by a constitutional tendency to look on the dark side of things, and a temperament too susceptible for practical politics. There are some good remarks in a short essay on "The Scramble for Wealth." Mr. Arnold's address to the Wordsworth Society is disappointingly brief; and "French Souvenirs," though very readable, is almost solely concerned with the passages in M. Marion Du Camp's memoirs relating to his intimacy with Flaubert. It is amusing to find the young men making up their minds that their creative faculty must necessarily cease at forty,—four years before the age at which Scott wrote "Waverley."

There is little of special note in this month's *Blackwood* except its stories, but these are excellent. The first part of Herr Rudolph Lindau's fiction, "The Little World," keeps attention continually on the stretch, although it may be objected that the subsequent course of the action is too clearly foreshadowed, unless, indeed, Herr Lindau has some surprise in store. "The Millionaire" is as entertaining as ever, and particularly amusing in its sketch of Mr. Spinner, the Prime Minister, with his devotion to the dictates of conscience, even though it should lead him in one direction to-day and another to-morrow, and his horror of "the bedizened impostor," his rival, Mr. Flummer. A review of Mr. Justice Stephen's "History of the Criminal Law" is valuable, but dry.

Although Mr. James Payn's story in *Longman's Magazine* is "Thicker than Water," there is something watery in the way it flows on, clear, fresh, sparkling, always pleasant, and never very exciting. Mr. Smiles's "Faithful Parish Priest" is the late Professor Henslow, most worthy of the epithet without doubt, but whose distinction as a pastor was surely overshadowed by his distinction as man of science and philanthropist. "The Pageant of Summer," one of Mr. Jefferies' characteristic pictures of country life, is indeed a glorious pageant of description, dazzling with the brilliance and wealth of detail. "Tamzin's Choice" is a good story; and there is very sound advice in Mr. Morris's paper, "On Sending out to Australia."

The *Fortnightly Review* is sensible, but wanting in originality. Nothing can be more judicious than Mr. Macdonnell's treatment of the blasphemy question, or Mr. Boulger's exposition of the principles governing Chinese relations with foreign Powers; but the recommendation of the former that the offence should be treated as a nuisance, and the latter's explanation of the ground of China's tenacious assertion of her suzerainty, have been anticipated by equally sound judges in the press. Nor is there much novelty in Mr. R. H. Hutton's criticism on the poetry of Clough, a writer on whose peculiar merits the best critics are singularly unanimous. There is more originality in the "Liberal's" recipe for restoring the discipline of the party, which is simply that the leaders should recognise the fact that their followers are very snobbish. If Lord Granville, as Master of the Buckhounds, would let the party generally into the Royal enclosure at Ascot the happiest results might ensue. Mr. Sydney Buxton gives an interesting detail of what has already been effected in aid of emigration from the destitute parts of Ireland; and Mr. H. G. Keene criticises Lord Ripon's schemes for local government in India in a friendly spirit.

The *National Review* is in general good, and especially claims attention in virtue of an able paper on the French interference in Tonquin, by the author of "Across Chryse," whose acquaintance with the locality lends weight to his conclusions. Mr. Colquhoun particularly dwells on the danger of collision between France and Siam, in which England would certainly be involved. Mr. Courthope attacks Mr. Browning's last volume with an evident consciousness that here he has the object of his classic antipathies on the hip; and Mr. Saintsbury, in an essay on Quinet, paints the poetical thinker whose democracy was a romantic sentiment, while his mental instincts were Conservative. In his "Radicalism of the Market Place" Mr. Mallock shows himself as great an adept as ever in the art of investing truisms and platitudes with scientific semblance. Mr. Austin's lines on the vernal aspects of the country are so animated and picturesque that it is a pity they should be marred by even the shadow of a controversy with an "unknown cockney."

The *Century* opens with an excellent and beautifully illustrated paper by Mr. Gosse on Woolner, Armstead, Lawson, Thornycroft, and other living English sculptors, which should convince those whom recent exhibitions and revelations have driven to despair that the art is not so utterly moribund as they may have been sometimes tempted to suppose. Mr. Wirgman's sketches of the artists at work are frequently very animated. The highest interest attaches to a youthful portrait of Severn, the devoted friend of Keats, now published for the first time. Mr. Henry James reviews the correspondence of Carlyle and Emerson very fairly; and Mr. Bryce states the question between England and Ireland with exemplary impartiality.

Other magazines will be noticed next week.

The Astronomer Royal presented on Saturday to the Board of Visitors the report of the year's work at the Observatory. He announced that a fine equatorial telescope, with which the satellites of two planets were found, had been presented to the institution by the Misses Lassell. Among other matters of interest, it was stated that on 66 per cent of the days of observation the Westminster clock was in error by less than one second; and that during the year, the error had never exceeded four seconds.

THE PARIS SALON.

CONCLUDING NOTICE.

Opposite M. Giron's picture hangs an equally large canvas of a purely decorative kind, light in key and bright and sunny in effect. It is called the "Coming of Spring" (1025), and is from the facile pencil of Georges-Bertrand, who has studied under Yvon, Barrias, and Bonnat. With him the idea of spring is not the personification of one sweet figure, but of many; and he accordingly shows us a group of joyous nymphs, each mounted on a bare-backed white steed, and all coming tearing through the tender greenery of early spring, making the air vocal with their laughter and their shouting.

When, as in this last picture, the work is of a decorative character we can excuse its size, even if it be, like it, thirty feet in height; but when it treats of a subject neither mural nor decorative, we cannot help thinking that the artist is wasting canvas which might be turned to better account.

Here, for example, is a capably felt subject and just as excellently painted, representing a young fisherwoman standing on the sands holding up her baby to the bow of the boat that father might kiss it before he "hauls out." Surely all this might have been adequately expressed in something much less than life-size. The author is P. M. Beylle.

Also in one of the places of honour in this room is a great picture of fashionably-attired ladies and gentlemen examining the pictures in the "Louvre" (200). They are looking intently at the picture hanging opposite the famous Paul Veronese, and one is almost sorry to see so much excellent work and admirable colour thrown away upon a subject so trivial. The artist is Louis Bérond, who was a pupil of Bonnat.

Right and left of this picture hang a couple of those landscapes which we described in the opening of this article as inclining one to believe that, as a whole, they surpassed the figure-subjects in excellence. The one is by E. Barau, and shows a warm brown September landscape; and the other is by a Mlle. Fint-Blau, an Austrian lady, of wholly German training, and shows a very animated picture of Spring-time on the Prater. H. L. Scott, a Frenchman by birth, sends a rather impressive picture of the "Funeral of Gambetta" (2195); the hearse is covered with flowers; and as the long procession, with its many flags and gigantic wreaths, winds through the Place de la Concorde, under a dull grey sky, many in the immense crowd, which we can see is composed of all classes, stand bare-headed. The Dutch school of genre is well represented by such men as Artz, with his little girl saying grace, to the great satisfaction of the grandfather and grandmother, who look down benignly on her; and like his master, Israëls, with his "Beau Temps" and his "L'Enfant qui Dort," he holds his place commandingly on the line.

The Americans come well to the front this year, as they did last, and show, after a course of French or German training, that they can give as capable utterance to their art-instincts as those of any nationality whatever. D. Ridgway Knight's "Sans Dot" (1303)—a handsome upstanding girl, who was about to toss the great bundle of grass she holds with both hands into the barrow, when her attention was called to a marriage procession in the distance—is altogether excellent. Yes, she feels she is a better woman every way than the bride yonder; but she has no dot, so she must toil on unmarried.

Then we have John S. Sargent, the young painter, who last year startled us with his Spanish Dancing Woman, and who this year is almost equally impressive and original with his portraits of four children (2165). Of grouping in the ordinary sense there is none. The youngest, a mere child, sits with her doll in a large room, which opens into a dark apartment behind, and the other three stand apart. The canvas is large beyond precedent, considering that the portraits are those, not of four reverend signors, but of four little girls; and when examined closely it has, in many parts, the appearance of being covered with unmeaning smudges. But let the spectator retire six or eight paces, and everything, by an almost Velasquez-like magic, takes its place, and he is simply looking into a spacious room, tenanted by four little girls. There are many other Americans, such as George Frederick Munn, J. C. Beckwith, Walter Blackman, T. A. Harrison, and W. M. Chase, who well support their country in her claims to be considered artistic; but we have said enough. Nor must we forget to record our approval of the more than ordinary sweetness with which L. Deschamps' mother looks over her child's cradle, and gazes into your face with her soft brown eyes, conscious, as it were, that you admire, as she does, the tender face of baby, which is turned towards you.

We have no space to descant on the subtlety of L. W. Hawkins in his boat on a white sea beyond the level sands (1180); the bold Fortuny-like touch in the magnificent war-transport (1741), by F. Montenard, which approaches us "stem on"; the Correggio-like colour of A. Mercier's "Venus" (1667)—a painter, by-the-way, who is also a sculptor, and a sculptor, too, of the highest order; the marvellous painting of floating fluff and feathers in Nicolas Sicard's "Woman Plucking a Goose" (2217); the splendid "Fox Hunt" of Chelmonski; the realistic force of R. Bergh's portrait of a seated gentleman in grey corduroy holding his cigarette between his spread knees (191); or the still more startling piece of naturalism with which Bastien-Lepage delights us in his "Village Courting" (131), a rough country honest lad standing on the hither side of an old wooden paling, in an overgrown garden, picking his nails with profound gravity, while his sweetheart, on the other side, stands with her back to him, picking a flower to pieces with, no doubt, as comically portentous a silence.

Nor can we further enlighten our readers as to the admirable works of such men as Van Beers, Moreau, Morot (with his powerfully pathetic Crucifixion), Lhermitte, Blommers, Tattgrain, Flameng, Beraud, and Moreau de Tours. Naming them must suffice, only our readers must not for a moment suppose that our brief list includes all the eminent men who this year grace the Salon. That there are many indifferent works, and that, too, on the line, we are free to confess, but we have preferred looking for beauties, not blemishes.

Although the place of honour, occupied lately by Lord Ronald Gower's Shakespearean monument, is left unoccupied, we nevertheless think the show of sculpture a good one, and, all in all, perhaps better up to the mark than the paintings.

A nude young girl holding out a flower, by A. Carles; Vauréal's figure of "Perseus" stooping to grasp the head of Medusa; E. Brunet's "Lycisca"; Tony Noël's "Gladiators"; F. Echeto's "François Villon," and his "Démocrate"; and especially "The First Funeral," by E. Barrias, showing the sore distress of Adam as he bears in his arms wearily the dead Abel, on whose head Eve lays her hand tenderly, and kisses him with all the passionate emotion of her primeval motherhood—are only a few of the many fine things here.

The Medal of Honour, as was anticipated, has been awarded to Jules Dalou, for his two magnificent panels in high relief; the one an allegorical representation of the Republic, which is as much a Rubens in plaster as J. F. Mouly's bust is a Frank Hals in bronze; and the other, Mirabeau announcing to the Marquis of Dreux-Brézé, with impassioned fervour, the memorable sitting of the States-General, in 1789, that they were summoned there by the will of the people, and only the force of bayonets would drive them thence. J. F. R.

THE IMPERIAL CORONATION AT MOSCOW.



PROCESSION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AFTER BEING CROWNED.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NOVELS.

Mr. Besant called one of his latest novels "An Impossible Story," and the same title might be given with equal propriety to Mr. William Black's "Shandon Bells," three vols. (Macmillan and Co.). We like the tale none the less on this account. Fiction is not bound to confine itself to what is known as real life. The novelist's imagination, like that of the poet, is free to aim at an unattainable ideal, and is free also to invent improbable incidents so long as his characters fitly play the parts that may be allotted to them. That a clever Irish sub-editor should go to London full of hope and literary ambition is in the nature of things, but it is only the hero of a novel who is likely by his journalism to attract a beneficent old lady who, because he reminds her of a lost nephew, endows him with ample wealth and an Irish estate, and, as it turns out, with a gift more precious than either. Love, it need scarcely be said, is the beginning, the centre, and the end of the story. Kitty Romaine is charming. Surely Mr. Black makes a mistake in giving her English parents. Her impetuosity, her demonstrative affection, her bright sayings, her cooing, tender ways, remind us of the race to which her lover, Willie Fitzgerald, belongs. If Kitty had been born in England could she have answered Willie like this, when he spoke of paying six shillings a week for his lodging in the Fulham-road:—"Ah!" she said, shyly, "if you had only stayed in Ireland you might have had lodgings cheaper than that." "Where?" he asked. "You might," said she, very prettily, and with her eyes cast down—"you might have lived in my heart, and paid no rent." And does not the following pretty love-passion seem to come also from a native of the green isle?—"She stooped and picked a germander speedwell from the bank, kissed it, and gave it to him. 'It's just the colour of your eyes, Willie,' she said. 'They keep reminding me of you when I am out walking; and oh! it is so lonely walking now! I have to go over all the things you ever said to me; it is my only company. I say to myself, 'here we quarrelled;' and again, 'here we made it up,' and 'there's the stile he helped me over, and caught me when I jumped down'; and 'here's where the anemones used to grow that he used to put in my hair.' Then on I go again, thinking of all the nice love-names you used to call me, and not a human being to say a civil word to me—nothing but the cows staring at you, and the flowers all occupied with their own business of drinking in the sunlight." Naughty, fickle girl as she is, we confess to liking Kitty better than that estimable young woman, Mary Chetwynd, the second heroine of the story. She also could love in her calm, wise, purposeful manner, but never would she have said, like Kitty, "If only you hold me in your arms you can scold away." It must be allowed, however, to her credit, that Mary would not have given a lover any occasion for scolding. It is not our purpose to destroy the fresh pleasure of the reader by narrating the plot of the novel. Enough to say that although eventually Fitzgerald finds Dame Fortune extremely kind, both the hero and the reader are forced to suffer a severe, though not wholly unanticipated, disappointment at the end of the second volume. If not in advance of Mr. Black's earlier works, "Shandon Bells" is worthy of the author. The tone of the story is elevating, the style pure, and the representations of nature are, as usual, accurate and vivid. The author sees what he describes, and makes his readers see it also. Fitzgerald, the hero, is a capital fellow, and through him and his companions Mr. Black no doubt expresses some of his own views about literature and journalism. A more original character is Fitzgerald's friend John Ross, a Scotch artist, a man with a fine nature and a large heart, and with an eye to see beauty, as becomes a landscape painter, even in the dreariest aspects of Nature. Many of his pithy sayings on art deserve quotation, and on other subjects he always talks racy. The portrait of Hilton Clarke, editor and man of letters, a scamp in conduct, a gentleman in manners, seems to be drawn from life. What more need be said of a novel that carries such good credentials on the titlepage? "Shandon Bells," by William Black, is an announcement that will suffice to attract the better portion of the novel-reading public. Sir Walter Scott's observation that every successful novelist must be more or less of a poet, is not altogether accurate; but it is distinctly true of Mr. Black. He looks at nature and at life poetically, and it is through the exercise of this poetical imagination that he secures the friendship of his readers.

When a novelist has "made his own public," has his enthusiastic friends, and his uncompromising enemies, the readers who cling to him and swear by him, and the readers who shrink from him and swear at him, it is generally loss of time to pass any judgment upon the merits of his work, since neither his friends nor his enemies will be convinced against their inveterate prepossessions; and, therefore, the best that can be done with *Heart and Science*: by Wilkie Collins (Chatto and Windus) is to state simply what the story is about and what is the purpose with which it was written. For a purpose the author would be sure to have. He is among novelists what the late Sir Peter Laurie was among aldermen and magistrates: he always has something that he means to "put down." Once it was "athletics"; now it is "vivisection." The latter is a subject which the author, with his love of detail and his command of picturesquely horrible or horribly picturesque description, might have treated in such fashion as to curdle his readers' blood and stop their very hearts from beating; but he mercifully restrains his powers and confines himself for the most part to suggestion. The tale may be said to resolve itself into a study of character, the character of a scientific enthusiast, who expects to make a grand discovery, as regards diseases of the brain, by means of vivisection. Common experience in the intercourse of daily life might lead us to suppose that the scientific gentlemen who practise vivisection are even as other men are, of average height, average looks, average manners, average humanity, average geniality; but the author holds a very different view. With him the scientific representative of vivisection is a rare and peculiar being, a sort of monstrous phenomenon in all that appertains to him, even to his surname. He is not simple Dr. Jones, but Dr. Benjulia. He is of gigantic stature, but almost as ugly and quite as rude and uncouth as Caliban; he expresses the greatest contempt for humanity, if knowledge can be gained by disregard of it; he acknowledges with appalling candour, that, but for the laws of a sentimental society and for the hempen cord that awaits the murderer, he would gladly tie a living man upon the operating-table in his laboratory instead of the poor make-shift he is permitted to torture in the shape of frog or monkey or dog or rabbit; and as regards his geniality, it is limited to his practice of administering, with a stolid face and without the relaxation of a single muscle, an occasional scientific tickling to an eccentric little girl, who likes him to make her wriggle about, and her dog kick with a helpless hind leg, by a certain application of his thumb and finger. The learned vivisector, moreover, is represented as being perfectly impassive on most points; but he is jealous of rivals, real or imaginary, to the verge of insanity; he is impatient of pain in his own person, and he is beside himself with rage if any outsider dares to pry into the hellish secrets of his awful laboratory. That such a

man should have a friend, in any but the most conventional sense, is not, of course, to be expected; but he has a conventional friend, a medical colleague; and the cold-blooded way in which he uses a charming girl, who is engaged to that friend, as a mere "specimen" of cerebral affection, to be studied for the attainment of knowledge, is one of the principal features of the plot. Over that girl, in fact, the two colleagues, the champion and the opponent of vivisection, fight a kind of scientific battle; and it is scarcely necessary to say which of the two combatants has to strike his flag. The author is well known to excel in the construction of dramatic situations; and his excellence is well attested in the scene towards the end of the novel, where the defeated man of science makes his exit from the stage.

A good business-like novel, of the somewhat homely and uneventful sort however, is *Her Sailor Love*: by Katharine S. Macquoid (Hurst and Blackett), in which great execution is done by the human eye upon susceptible human hearts. Of stirring incident there is not much; but of love-making, whether the love be made by man to woman or by woman to man, there is enough to satisfy the most exacting of romantic readers. The central figure is a wicked woman, a passionate, ambitious, scheming, intriguing woman; and that is always an attractive and interesting object, especially when, as in this case, she is handsome also. Amiable, of course, she is not and cannot be; but capable of inspiring a strong, though transitory, passion, and of exercising a temporary fascination she may well be and is. Her ambition is not of a lofty kind, for, as has been said, the novel is of the somewhat homely sort. She loves a sailor, and she yearns after a comfortable subsistence, but her aspirations apparently do not take any higher flight. Not that the sailor is a common sailor by any means; he is an officer and a gentleman, as the saying is; he has the title of lieutenant accorded to him, and he may be said to have quite an embarrassment of pretty women on his hands. The wicked woman throws herself at his head, to use a common and very significant expression; and of two other more or less lovely women, or rather girls, it seems to be long odds that he could have either as his wife for the asking, if he would take the least trouble to show which way his preference lies. Now the wicked woman, in the pursuit of her main object, which, as has been said, is a comfortable subsistence, has given her hand without her heart to a well-to-do good-natured long-suffering farmer, who is in blank ignorance of her antecedents, so far, at any rate, as the sailor is concerned. The farmer has a son, the issue of a previous marriage, who is almost, if not quite, as old as his handsome step-mother, and who may be briefly but comprehensively described as a good-looking lubber. Let no reader, however, apprehend a shocking tragedy such as that which followed when the step-mother Parisina left the hall for other purpose than to "list to the waterfall"; the tone of the novel is perfectly unexceptionable and as pure as the fresh sea-breeze. But, so far as a lubber can be chivalrous, the farmer's son naturally adopts a chivalrous air towards his young and externally charming step-mother, and she establishes over him an almost absolute dominion. When, therefore, her sailor, whom she has never ceased to love with all the deep ardour of which she is capable, reappears upon the scene and courts other girls or another girl beneath her jealous eyes, she evidently has an opportunity, with means ready to her hand, of setting several people by the ears, while she at the same time continues to take measures for the probable increase of her comfortable subsistence. How far she succeeds and how far she fails it will be an agreeable task for sympathetic readers to discover for themselves by a perusal of the three volumes. There is not much in the story to thrill or startle, but there is a great deal to awaken interest, and not a little to afford pleasure and entertainment.

Fireworks, such as modern novelists delight to let off before the eyes and in the ears of the bewildered reader, are conspicuously absent from *No New Thing*: by W. E. Norris (Smith, Elder, and Co.), which is a particularly quiet but, nevertheless, so far as the portraiture and dialogue are concerned, unusually clever story. The writer's work is done in leisurely fashion; the fabric is not "run up" in the style of the builder on contract; everything is well considered and deliberate, without the least appearance of haste, and, accordingly, the reader should be prepared to exhibit a fair amount of patience, if justice is to be done to the novel and all the enjoyment it is capable of affording is to be extracted from it. To gallop through the pages would be a great mistake; many little beauties would be lost, many an artistic touch would be missed, many a pathetic note unheeded. The title may be reasonably challenged; for a very new thing indeed is the focus of the business. It cannot, surely, be a very common occurrence for a charming young English lady left a widow, after a bare year of married life, with a fortune of fifteen thousand a year, which she would lose, however, if she were to marry again, to adopt the first pale, pretty, fatherless and motherless boy, half English and half Italian by parentage, with whom she scrapes acquaintance during a winter's residence at Nice. That is what appears, at the first blush, to have been done by the heroine of the novel under consideration, although it may come out afterwards that there was more than meets the eye to account for her infatuation, as it naturally appears to her friends and relatives. Into what sort of man this adopted child grew up, what was his character, what career he followed, what was his ultimate destiny, such are the themes with which the three volumes are mainly occupied; and it may be safely asserted that a more ably drawn, but at the same time a more repulsive portrait, the counterfeit presentment of a contemptible egotist, has seldom been held up to universal scorn and execration. Fortunately, the weary tale of brazen impudence, selfishness, ingratitude, deception, is relieved by many episodes of a very different kind, full of piquant dialogue, masterly description, sardonic humour, noble sentiment. The touching story of faithful Colonel Kenyon is certainly "no new thing," but it belongs to the category of those old things which have a charm beyond the power of time or repetition to diminish.

At a luncheon at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, last Saturday afternoon, the Deputy Provincial Grand Master of Sussex, Bro. P. H. Scott, Past Grand Deacon of England, was presented with a silver goblet and a purse containing 700 guineas, in recognition of services rendered in the interest of Freemasonry during the past thirty years.

A memorial tablet to General Garibaldi was unveiled at Stafford House last Saturday afternoon, the first anniversary of his death. It is a medallion portrait in white marble; and the inscription, which is in Italian, states that it was presented to the Duke of Sutherland by the Italians in London to perpetuate the memory of the hospitality shown by him to Joseph Garibaldi in April, 1864. The Duke having acknowledged the gift, Mr. Gladstone, as the representative of English friends taking part in the ceremony, warmly thanked his Grace for the splendid hospitality which he extended to the deceased General nearly twenty years ago, and congratulated the Italians present upon having had associated with their great national movement a man to whom so extraordinary an historical interest attaches.

BOOKS ABOUT EGYPT.

Egypt, a land as old as Time, has never been uninteresting, and to us it has lately become more interesting through the deeds of Lords Alcester and Wolseley and their gallant supporters than it was in the days even of Nelson and the Nile, Abercromby and Aboukir, because it has been brought, as it were, more home to us; but it is especially as the scene of the signs shown and the wonders wrought by the God of Israel for his people's deliverance that we English, who read our Bible as soon as we can read at all, are wont to be fascinated by whatever relates to Egypt, so that the wider and the more cordial welcome will almost certainly be accorded to *The Cities of Egypt*: by Reginald Stuart Poole (Smith, Elder, and Co.), forasmuch as the volume contains little or nothing beyond "a reprint of articles on the Cities of Egypt mentioned in the Bible." How competent the author is to deal with the subject he has undertaken to handle know all men to whom the officials of the British Museum are not altogether strangers by name: it were difficult indeed, one would say, to find one more competent. With perfect confidence, then, as well as with eager expectation of something precious to be gleaned and treasured up, the reader may fall to upon the pages in which the author tells the story of Memphis and of her rival Thebes; of Hanes, which is but once mentioned in Scripture, when Isaiah says "his princes were at Zoan, and his ambassadors came to Hanes"; of Zoan where ruled that Pharaoh to whom the Hebrew Joseph was vice-regent, or vizier, or prime minister; of Goshen which always remained the central home of the Hebrews, and from which "they went forth on the night of the Passover"; of Pithom, which was one of the store-cities, Zoan or Raameses being the other, built, as is related in Exodus, by the Hebrews for Pharaoh under the superintendence of his harsh task-masters; of Migdol, whereof the site "is so well fixed by classical evidence that we may venture to say which mound in the desert covers its remains"; of On, whose priest gave his daughter in marriage to Joseph, or whose priest's daughter, rather, was given by Pharaoh to Joseph—that On which was called "the City of the Sun," in Hebrew "Beth-shemesh," and in Greek "Heliopolis"; of Pi-beseth, where "Shishak set up his throne, and for a short space revived the imperial magnificence of Thebes"; of Sin, which Ezekiel calls "the strength of Egypt," the place which the Greeks named Pelusium, and which was "the key of Egypt, whether the invader came by sea or land"; and, lastly, of the comparatively modern Alexandria, which assuredly remains to this day the "best monument" of Alexander the Great. It is not without a feeling of awe, as well as with a thrill of pleasure, that the archaeological and historical enthusiast will peruse these essays, in which the author summons up from the dead, as it were, by the magic power of his learning and research, the ghosts—for they are but ghosts in their unsubstantiality—of cities that, for the most part, have lain buried for centuries or even millennia. And cold with horror at one time, hot with indignation at another, will run the reader's blood as the writer tells of a plague of Egypt to which the famous traditional plagues appear at this distance of time, when their effect is over and the suffering remote, mere child's-play. We read of "the selfish and vain modern tourist, who destroys a document of the world's history, or a record of antique belief, to carry away a few hieroglyphics he cannot understand, and, like a noxious reptile, marks his trail with the vulgar scrawl of his unknown name, while his asses are stalled in a royal tomb near by"; and we read "how one tourist ordered her dragoman to cut out Joseph's head, as she thought it, from the only picture of the arrival of a Shemite family in Egypt," and "how others broke in by night and demolished a sculptured wall, to steal the single known figure portraying the wife of a chief of the land of spices; both priceless documents of history and ethnology." It was no "modern tourist," however, but a thief contemporary with Ptolemy Euergetes, who was ruffian enough to steal Queen Berenice's golden tresses, which she had sacrificed as a grateful offering for her husband's safety. There is a point of view, no doubt, from which the theft may be almost excused on the score of audacious gallantry; but from the general point of view it was a sacrilege which had no modern parallel but that of the sacrilegious scoundrel who is said to have lately stolen the gilded cock from the time-honoured, memory-haunted tavern hard by Temple Bar.

A sense of untimeliness and staleness interferes more than a little with the full enjoyment of the two large volumes entitled *Conversations and Journals in Egypt and Malta*: by the late Nassau William Senior; edited by his daughter M. C. M. Simpson (Sampson Low and Co.), for the contents, though they undoubtedly have a very strong bearing upon Egypt and Egyptian affairs, are neither of sufficiently old date to have the charm of historical antiquity nor of sufficiently recent date to be invested with immediate interest. Moreover, as the conversations are necessarily so couched as to have reference to an apparently existing state of affairs, when, in fact, what was then present is now past, but not long past, and when mere foreshadowings have become accomplished facts, the effect is sometimes a little ludicrous, and frequently a little tedious, as reading over an old debate conducted in the House of Commons concerning a Bill that has long since become law. Moreover, when we know that the gentleman whose diaries and conversations we are reading has already been released from all worldly sufferings, and yet not so long ago as to have become of archaeological importance, it is a little difficult to retain one's gravity upon reading his carefully recorded remarks about the slight cold of which he soon gets the better, or about the bronchitis which is less troublesome than it was, seeing that such matters have but little to do with the condition, prospects, and retrospects either of Egypt or Malta. That the conversations, however, will be considered profoundly interesting by ten thousand or more readers is possible, nay highly probable; and the recorder of the conversations unquestionably had access to very valuable sources of information and was admitted to the society, and sometimes the intimacy, of considerable personages, whose smallest action and lightest word, upon critical or even uncritical occasions, still has, and always will have, the power of exciting interest among a certain numerous and estimable class of readers. And those readers will find plenty of anecdotes concerning Mehemet Ali, Ibrahim Pasha, Abbas Pasha, Said Pasha, and Ismail Pasha, about the harem, and the ladies, and the really or hypothetically poisoned cups of coffee, about all sorts of foreigners in the civil and military services of Egypt, about a huge Sheik, who had twelve fingers on each hand and twelve toes on each foot, like him "which was of the sons of the giant," and who had a long gun of which he made suspicious use, and about other more or less objectionable but picturesque and noteworthy acquaintances. Readers, also, will have an opportunity of weighing testimony and deciding, if they care for such questions, whether Abbas Pasha, whose death took place in 1854, died of apoplexy, or was strangled, or suffocated with a wet cloth, or stabbed; and they will probably think that the most horrible death was almost too good for him if he was cruel miscreant enough, as they say he was, to sew up a girl's mouth as a punishment for smoking in the harem, and so leave her to die of hunger.

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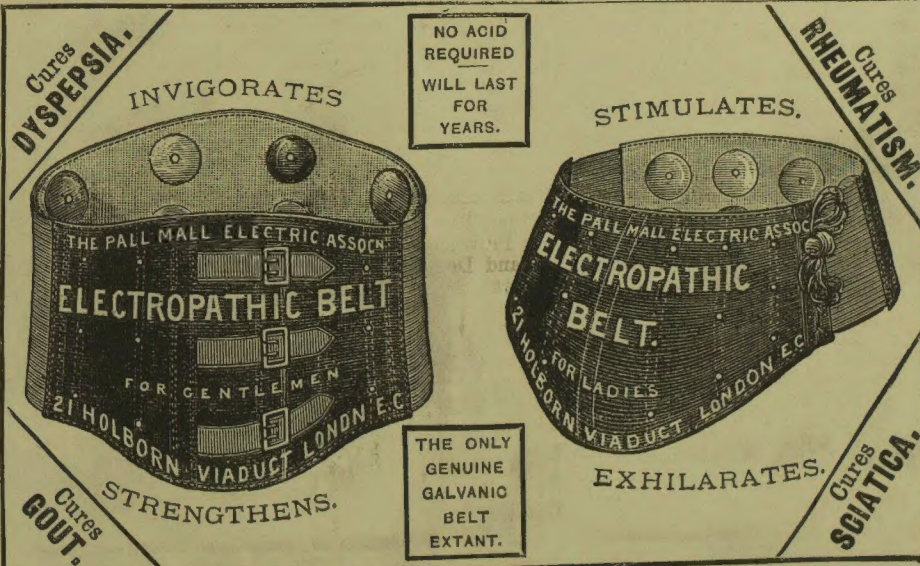
From Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon.—I am deriving great benefit from the ELECTROPATHIC BELT recently had of you. The pain across the loins has quite left me, and my nervous energy is greatly augmented. I am glad I saw the advertisement, as I was on the point of ordering a Magnetic Belt. I may be mistaken, but I have an idea that Magnetism is at best but a derived mode of applying Electricity; and although the vendors of such appliances offer to re-magnetise without charge, that does not much mend the matter, as the belt may have to be sent for that purpose just at the time it is most needed. Your invention, on the contrary, seems to me to be likely to retain its power as long as the article itself lasts.

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From Mrs. J. HAWKEY, 503, Liverpool-road, Holloway, N., April 21, 1883.

Sir.—It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to speak in favour of your Electropathic Belt. I have derived great benefit from wearing it; my health is improving in every way. I fail to express in words the satisfaction it gives me. I have not felt so well for years as I have since wearing your belt. I was under the care of a physician for six months, and was despairing of ever feeling well again, when I saw to my great pleasure the advertisement of your belt. I cannot say enough in favour of it, but I will gladly correspond with any lady who would like further particulars.

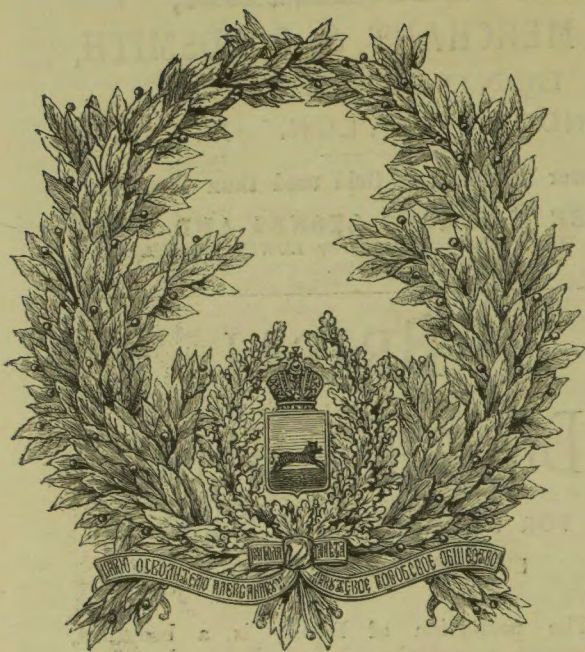
Mrs. E. RICHARDSON, 58, Priory-road, West Hampstead, N.W., writes:—Feb. 16, 1883. I cannot speak too well of your appliances, but I think the Electropathic Belt one of the greatest blessings ever given to man, as I have proved its valuable power over everything that Doctors or medicine can do for sciatica, weak spine, rheumatism, sluggish liver, and indigestion. I can, indeed, say to any sufferers from these complications—try it yourself. Before I had your Electropathic Belt I could not get about without the greatest pain, but now I can get about with ease and comfort, and can go up and down stairs without pain, and all who know me tell me how well I am looking. I wish you the success you deserve for your valuable invention, and remain, yours sincerely, E. RICHARDSON.

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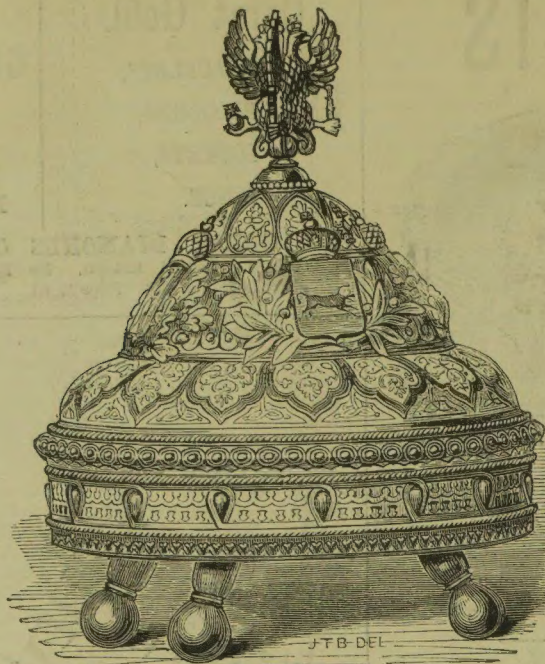
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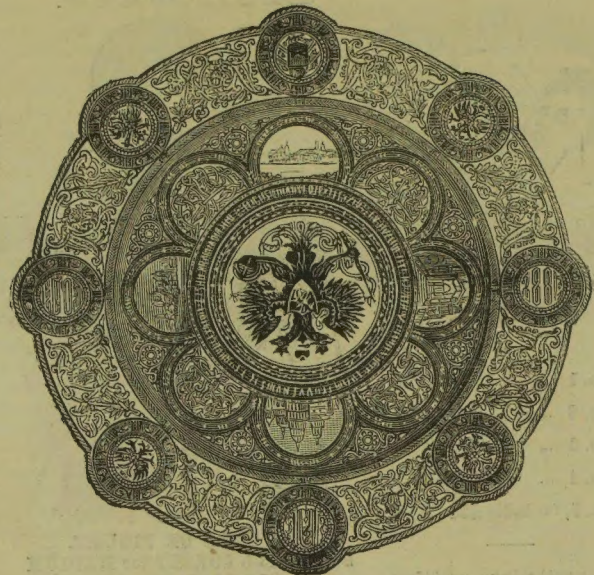
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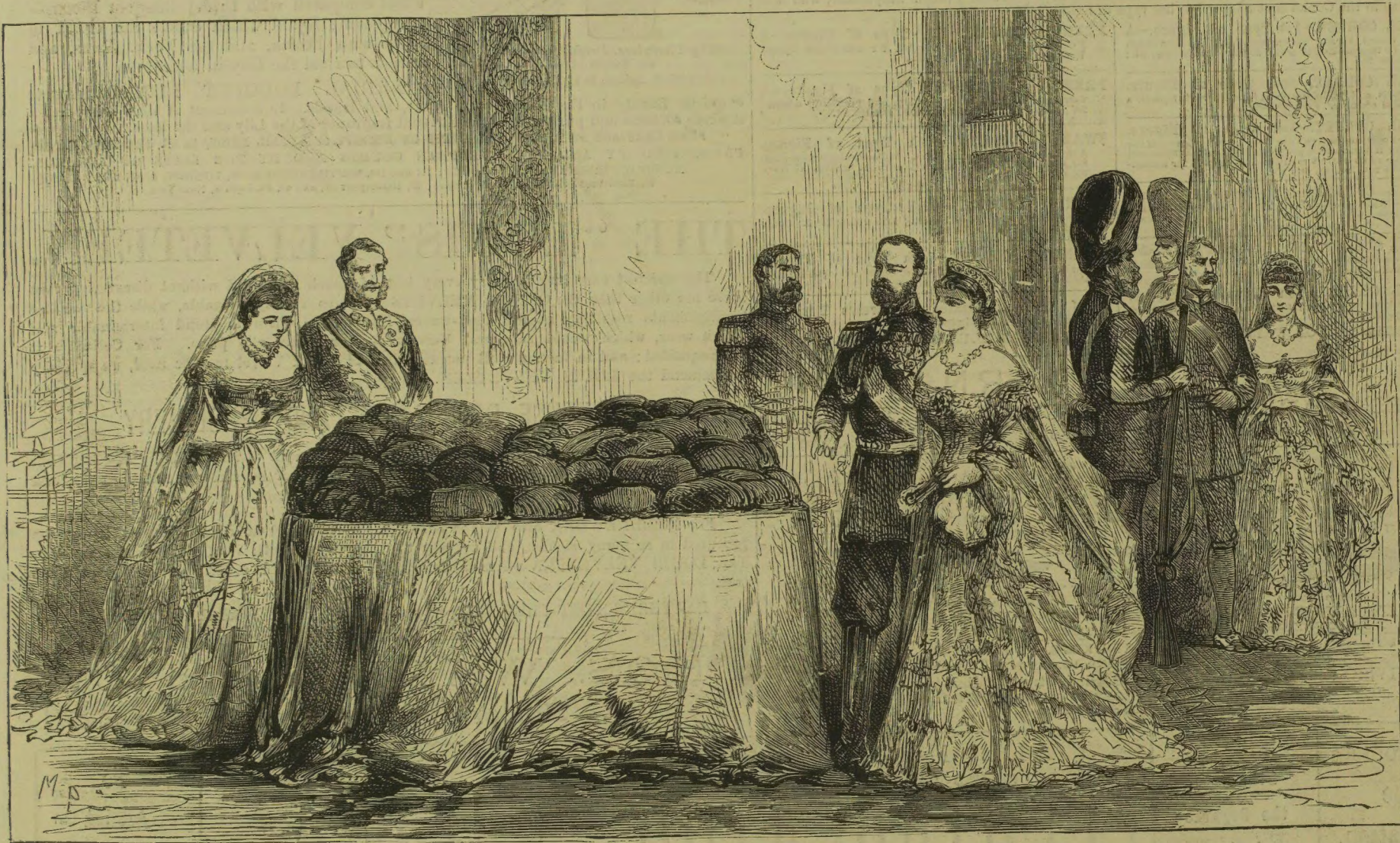
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Every year brings a fresh list of terrible shipwrecks and disastrous collisions, resulting too frequently in a fearful loss of life; but, while deploring that such is the case, we can turn with satisfaction to the splendid and successful efforts made for rescuing the shipwrecked sailor from a watery grave on our dangerous shores. First and foremost in this noble work is the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, which last year saved, by means of its boats, no less than 884 poor fellows, who otherwise would most probably have perished. In addition to this, the Board of Trade and the coastguard have, by use of the rocket apparatus, rescued a great number of lives. From the report of the institution, just published, we learn that since the last annual report nine new life-boats have been provided for different stations. The number of life-boats now under the management of the institution is 273, and they were launched 231 times last year, when they



THE ALEXANDRINSKY PALACE, MOSCOW, WHERE THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS FASTED THREE DAYS.

were the means of saving 741 lives and twenty-three vessels. In addition to these services, 143 lives were saved from shipwreck by shore-boats and other means, which had received rewards from the institution, making a total of 884 lives rescued last year. The number of lives saved during the fifty-nine years from the establishment of the institution to the end of the year 1882, either by its life-boats or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, is 29,608, for which services it has voted ninety-six gold medals, 962 silver medals, and £74,800 in pecuniary rewards. Unfortunately, the brave services of the life-boat crews during the past year have not been performed without some loss of life, as if to remind their countrymen of the dangerous character of the life-boat work, three fatal accidents having occurred to the boats in that period, resulting in the loss altogether of six lives. During the year 1882 the receipts of the institution amounted to £43,117, while the expenditure was £36,746.